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VINCENT WALLACE.

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VOL. II.

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Musical Monthly
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January, 1865.

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The Musical Monthly.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY VINCENT WALLACE.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

MARCH 1, 1865.

(Right of Translation reserved.)

HAUNTED.

Her head on my knee, and the firelight warm,
Red glimmering over the long, rich sweep
Of the hazel hair, and the round, white arm,
And the brown eyes, half-asleep.
There's a scent of heliotrope in the room,
And the musk of her rose on the window sill,
And a rattle of sleet through the wintery gloom
Outside when the fire is still.
I watched the lashes fall drowsy and fine
Over the tender cheek, and the April and May
Of smiles and tears in her eyes divine—
Hiding their light away.
And I hear the homeless wind at the bars
Of the crackling lattice—the parting cry
Of the white storm, flying before the stars,
Scarce seen in the far lone sky.
The red lights shone in the sleepy town,
The snowdrifts white by the churchyard-wall,
And the tall gray spire looks drearily down
On the low graves under all.
Ah, little hazel-head, here on my knee,
They sleep so still but there in the cold!
Done with earth's evil and good, you see,
Done with its dross and its gold.
The daisies ready to spring o'erhead,
When the bee and the linnet shall come again,
And the rank, sweet clover is waving red
And wet in the soft spring-rain.
Not every grave is as true and deep—
Not all dead faces will keep their rest
Where we lay them down, and such lonely sleep,
It is not always blest!
The trooping ghosts that come and go
Though the lives around us—the lives our own—
Not all rise up from a grave, you know,
That is marked by a burial-stone.
My little love, if I sit sometimes
By this fire, and listen to hear perchance
Another voice and a murmur of rhymes
From the page of some old romance;
If I start at the rain on the roof at night,
If a shape glides in at the open doors,
If I look for a face in the dreary light,
And eyes that are not yours;
If down in my heart of hearts, I hold
Some lonely grave that you may not see,
If a ghost creeps from it, in dark and cold,
To watch and to wait with me:
Lay your bright head here on this heart of mine,
And look at me once with those soft brown eyes—
With the love, half human and half divine,
That deep in their darkness lies!
Look at me once! Do you know that all
Grim phantoms fly from the face of day?
So your wee white hand in my own shall fall,
And frighten my ghosts away!

HEAVILY HIT.

By VALERIE ST. JAMES.

CHAPTER XI.

SEEKING PEACE.

Mrs. Venning was very unwell for several days after her secret interview with her sister. Her husband began to be solicitous about her safety, attributing her sudden illness to some malady incident to her frail organization. But she reassured him, and in process of the days, was enabled to leave her couch, on which she had silently wept over her soul in the agony of a vague and unfruitful grief. Mrs. Venning had need

more than ever in her solitary life, of a friend. That one should have been her husband, in the great necessity, she could not turn to him. Mrs. Venning sought the aid of Religion, but so closely wedded is our duty to God with our duty to man, that she found she could not derive heavenly comfort without the lowly and complete penitence of the heart she had suffered to be closed against her sister. That penitence, she, frail by reason of the distractions of the world, could not achieve, for she could not even after a week of remorse and pain summon courage to hail her sister back again. Nay, Mrs. Venning felt almost a pang of relief, to know that Fanny was gone. Even in anger, 'twas none the worse, for that would the more bar her return. Alas! that a fine spirit, all beautifully inclined, should be so weak and human.

"You are looking better to-day, Clara," her husband remarked, as he rose from the breakfast table to go to Ruddibourne. He himself was more gravely cast than was his old wont, only his masculine nature and iron training kept the secret better.

"Yes, dear Noel, I feel, oh! much better. It has all gone away now."

No, no, not all—her better nature was still bruised, nigh almost to breaking. In her solitude, she would still cry bitterly, reproaching herself with the misery of her sister's life. She followed her back in fancy to the glare of painted courtesanship, and imagined that strong-impulsed sister cursing her respectable selfishness. But again, the old Greek Mythic Philosophy supplied her with pictures of her home saved from contamination, her husband's confidence and love unshaken, and the uninterrupted serenity of intercourse with society—all these might have been otherwise, had she been a whit more merciful. All would not do, however; Mrs. Venning stood afar off from peace. And in her weakness or wretchedness, she made a compromise with her soul. She could not extend her hand to her fallen sister, and offer her a home. Mrs. Venning felt that was past. But she would do much charity in the poor neglected homes of Ruddibourne. She would make it her study to bind up the broken-hearted, to give comfort to those who were in distress, and so, she said to herself, I shall expiate my offence and have peace. For the one, she thought, I have rejected, I will receive a hundred worse than her. Vain philosophy—call it religion—no, it was the induction of penance—the doctrine of merits. But Mrs. Venning in vowing charity for her sin, little thought that she was asserting the Romanist heresy of grace *ex condigno*. She did not arise and go to her Father, but into the world to gather sacrifice which He would not.

Mainwaring the cold-blooded, having heard from Fanny Boteler an impassioned narrative of her ill success, managed to get her away quickly from Ruddibourne, and set himself to watch the conduct of Mrs. Venning. He read her like a book. He knew why—when all the town wondered—she drove amongst the by-ways in her pony-chaise, doing many kindnesses and humbling herself charitably towards the sick and the needy. Mainwaring traced every shadow which had clouded her heart, and recognised the spring of every action. And watching, he said to himself, "She dreads Fanny, and is trying to compensate for lack of kindness. Good! she is weaker than I thought."

As for Venning, he was a little surprised at his wife's sudden interest in the working-classes; but, further than a gentle remonstrance lest she should injure her health again, he did not interfere with her projects and expeditions. She would often drive out of an evening, not returning till it was quite dark, that she might have an opportunity of meeting with operatives who did not leave their work till late. Her companion was,

naturally, more bestowed on persons in her husband's employment than on others; and, in order more easily to get at their homes and habits, she enlisted the ready aid of George Heath, known to her as an educated, high-principled, and trustworthy operative. George also appreciated the cause of Mrs. Venning's charitable labours. But how differently from Mainwaring did he muse on the change!

"Poor creature," he would think, leading her pony by the head up some narrow, jolting street in search of want, "she has much need of some such work as this. Happily she may find rest."

So Mrs. Venning, generally accompanied by George, soon became a household word in Ruddibourne. What fine results will follow in this mad world from motives all gone astray! She could not discover too many crannies for her benevolence to enter at,—a moral craving for this shadowy conscience-rest, kept her unweariedly at her vows. She found much misery; drunken homes; dispease in families; utter want; utter irreligion; and again, rare instances of affection, beautiful devotedness, and forgiveness, and self-denial, on all which as she pondered, she would murmur, "There is no such case here as my own." George Heath felt this, and his strong manly soul was heavy with sorrow for the poor lady. At length he bethought of Susan Tye, gone astray once—back into the fold now: she might glean some pittance of hope and strength from the story.

"If you please, ma'am," said George, one evening, as they were leaving a house where the father was sick, and the mother of six children habitually intoxicated, "there is one poor girl who works at the mill that you haven't seen yet."

"No! who is she—what is her case?" Mrs. Venning was eager for a fresh object of charity.

George narrated Susan's sad little life-story, and Mrs. Venning immediately expressed a strong desire to visit her. It was not too late that evening, was it? No, George thought not; and they accordingly picked their way on foot to Jorker's Court, leaving Mrs. Venning's pony in charge of a boy in the nearest main street. Groups of men nodded to George, as they smoked their pipes against the walls, idly talking; they knew Mrs. Venning, too, and were respectful before the good lady. So beautiful is Charity, which covereth a multitude of sins.

To the pair cautiously getting up the rickety steps mounting to Cobbler Tom's sanctum came pleasantly the industrious tap, tap of his little hammer hobnailing for Susan's salvation.

"Come in."

Such a pleasant group after the late homes of unhappiness Mrs. Venning had been visiting. She almost felt out of place in the pleasant room; for, as the relief of wretchedness occupied her soul, so did domestic peace bring her back the old remorse.

Susan was nursing her little child, more happily than its gran'pa was not of the party. In the big chimney-corner sat Mrs. Prentis with that stocking transfixed on the glittering wires. Another inmate had been added to Tom's household, in the person of a very old sister, who sat nodding to herself, with her hands clenched bonily and blue even in the warm blaze. Old Mary had been a servant from time immemorial in a country family, latterly a pensioner of a profligate heir, who, after a course of crime and dissipation, finished off by selling the estate, and turning the old retainers adrift. Mary had no home to go to in her old age, but her brother's, and he, fine old Tom! was tapping and stitching an hour earlier o'mornings without a murmur. A good practical Christian, with no small talk, Master Tom was, trusting in Heaven and working double tides too.

George was well acquainted with them all, and con-



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The Musical Monthly.

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HAUNTED.

Her head on my knee, and the firelight warm,
Red glimmering over the long, rich sweep
Of the hazel hair, and the round, white arm,
And the brown eyes, half-asleep.

There's a scent of heliotrope in the room,
And the musk of her rose on the window sill,
And a rattle of sleet through the wintery gloom
Outside where the fire is still.

I watched the lashes fall drowsy and fine
Over the tender cheek, and the April and May
Of smiles and tears in her eyes divine—
Hiding their light away.

And I hear the homeless wind at the bars
Of the crackling lattice—the parting cry
Of the white storm, flying before the stars,
Scarce seen in the far lone sky.

The red lights alone in the sleepy town,
The snowdrifts white by the churchyard-wall,
And the tall gray spire looks drearily down
On the low graves under all.

Ah, little hazel-head, here on my knee,
They sleep so still but there in the cold!
Done with earth's evil and good, you see,
Done with its dross and its gold.

The daisies ready to spring o'erhead,
When the bee and the linnet shall come again,
And the rank, sweet clover is waving red
And wet in the soft spring-rain.

Not every grave is as true and deep—
Not all dead faces will keep their rest
Where we lay them down, and such lonely sleep,
It is not always blest!

The trooping ghosts that come and go
Though the lives around us—the lives our own—
Not all rise up from a grave, you know,
That is marked by a burial-stone.

My little love, if I sit sometimes
By this fire, and listen to hear perchance
Another voice and a murmur of rhymes
From the page of some old romance;

If I start at the rain on the roof at night,
If a shape glides in at the open doors,
If I look for a face in the dreary light,
And eyes that are not yours;

If down in my heart of hearts, I hold
Some lonely grave that you may not see,
If a ghost creeps from it, in dark and cold,
To watch and to wait with me:

Lay your bright head here on this heart of mine,
And look at me once with those soft brown eyes—
With the love, half human and half divine,
That deep in their darkness lies!

Look at me once! Do you know that all
Grim phantoms fly from the face of day?
So your wee white hand in my own shall fall,
And frighten my ghosts away!

HEAVILY HIT.

By VALERIE ST. JAMES.

CHAPTER XI. SEEKING PEACE.

Mrs. Venning was very unwell for several days after her secret interview with her sister. Her husband began to be solicitous about her safety, attributing her sudden illness to some malady incident to her frail organization. But she reassured him, and in process of the days, was enabled to leave her couch, on which she had silently wept over her soul in the agony of a vague and unfruitful grief. Mrs. Venning had need

more than ever in her solitary life, of a friend. That one should have been her husband, in the great necessity, she could not turn to him. Mrs. Venning sought the aid of Religion, but so closely wedded is our duty to God with our duty to man, that she found she could not derive heavenly comfort without the lowly and complete penitence of the heart she had suffered to be closed against her sister. That penitence, she, frail by reason of the distractions of the world, could not achieve, for she could not even after a week of remorse and pain summon courage to hail her sister back again. Nay, Mrs. Venning felt almost a pang of relief, to know that Fanny was gone. Even in anger, 'twas none the worse, for that would the more bar her return. Alas! that a fine spirit, all beautifully inclined, should be so weak and human.

"You are looking better to-day, Clara," her husband remarked, as he rose from the breakfast table to go to Ruddibourne. He himself was more gravely cast than was his old wont, only his masculine nature and iron training kept the secret better.

"Yes, dear Noel, I feel, oh! much better. It has all gone away now."

No, no, not all—her better nature was still bruised, nigh almost to breaking. In her solitude, she would still cry bitterly, reproaching herself with the misery of her sister's life. She followed her back in fancy to the glare of painted courtesanship, and imagined that strong-impulsed sister cursing her respectable selfishness. But again, the old Greek Mythic Philosophy supplied her with pictures of her home saved from contamination, her husband's confidence and love unshaken, and the uninterrupted serenity of intercourse with society—all these might have been otherwise, had she been a whit more merciful. All would not do, however; Mrs. Venning stood afar off from peace. And in her weakness or wretchedness, she made a compromise with her soul. She could not extend her hand to her fallen sister, and offer her a home. Mrs. Venning felt that was past. But she would do much charity in the poor neglected homes of Ruddibourne. She would make it her study to bind up the broken-hearted, to give comfort to those who were in distress, and so, she said to herself, I shall expiate my offence and have peace. For the one, she thought, I have rejected, I will receive a hundred worse than her. Vain philosophy—call it religion—no, it was the induction of penance—the doctrine of merits. But Mrs. Venning in vowing charity for her sin, little thought that she was asserting the Romanist heresy of grace *ex condigno*. She did not arise and go to her Father, but into the world to gather sacrifice which He would not.

Mainwaring the cold-blooded, having heard from Fanny Boteler an impassioned narrative of her ill success, managed to get her away quickly from Ruddibourne, and set himself to watch the conduct of Mrs. Venning. He read her like a book. He knew why—when all the town wondered—she drove amongst the by-ways in her pony-chaise, doing many kindnesses and humbling herself charitably towards the sick and the needy. Mainwaring traced every shadow which had clouded her heart, and recognised the spring of every action. And watching, he said to himself, "She dreads Fanny, and is trying to compensate for lack of kindness. Good! she is weaker than I thought."

As for Venning, he was a little surprised at his wife's sudden interest in the working-classes; but, further than a gentle remonstrance lest she should injure her health again, he did not interfere with her projects and expeditions. She would often drive out of an evening, not returning till it was quite dark, that she might have an opportunity of meeting with operatives who did not leave their work till late. Her compassion was,

naturally, more bestowed on persons in her husband's employment than on others; and, in order more easily to get at their homes and habits, she enlisted the ready aid of George Heath, known to her as an educated, high-principled, and trustworthy operative. George also appreciated the cause of Mrs. Venning's charitable labours. But how differently from Mainwaring did he muse on the change!

"Poor creature," he would think, leading her pony by the head up some narrow, jolting street in search of want, "she has much need of some such work as this. Happily she may find rest."

So Mrs. Venning, generally accompanied by George, soon became a household word in Ruddibourne. What fine results will follow in this mad world from motives all gone astray! She could not discover too many crannies for her benevolence to enter at,—a moral craving for this shadowy conscience-rest, kept her unweariedly at her vows. She found much misery; drunken homes; dispeace in families; utter want; utter irreligion; and again, rare instances of affection, beautiful devotedness, and forgiveness, and self-denial, on all which as she pondered, she would murmur, "There is no such case here as my own." George Heath felt this, and his strong manly soul was heavy with sorrow for the poor lady. At length he bethought of Susan Tye, gone astray once—back into the fold now: she might glean some pittance of hope and strength from the story.

"If you please, ma'am," said George, one evening, as they were leaving a house where the father was sick, and the mother of six children habitually intoxicated, "there is one poor girl who works at the mill that you haven't seen yet."

"No! who is she—what is her case?" Mrs. Venning was eager for a fresh object of charity.

George narrated Susan's sad little life-story, and Mrs. Venning immediately expressed a strong desire to visit her. It was not too late that evening, was it? No, George thought not; and they accordingly picked their way on foot to Jorker's Court, leaving Mrs. Venning's pony in charge of a boy in the nearest main street. Groups of men nodded to George, as they smoked their pipes against the walls, idly talking; they knew Mrs. Venning, too, and were respectful before the good lady. So beautiful is Charity, which covereth a multitude of sins.

To the pair cautiously getting up the rickety steps mounting to Cobbler Tom's sanctum came pleasantly the industrious tap, tap of his little hammer hobnailing for Susan's salvation.

"Come in."

Such a pleasant group after the late homes of unhappiness Mrs. Venning had been visiting. She almost felt out of place in the pleasant room; for, as the relief of wretchedness occupied her soul, so did domestic peace bring her back the old remorse.

Susan was nursing her little child, more happily than its gran'pa was not of the party. In the big chimney-corner sat Mrs. Prentis with *that* stocking transfixed on the glittering wires. Another inmate had been added to Tom's household, in the person of a very old sister, who sat nodding to herself, with her hands clenched bonily and blue even in the warm blaze. Old Mary had been a servant from time immemorial in a country family, latterly a pensioner of a profligate heir, who, after a course of crime and dissipation, finished off by selling the estate, and turning the old retainers adrift. Mary had no home to go to in her old age, but her brother's, and he, fine old Tom! was tapping and stitching an hour earlier o' mornings without a murmur. A good practical Christian, with no small talk, Master Tom was, trusting in Heaven and working double tides too.

George was well acquainted with them all, and con-



put Tom at ease about Mrs. Venning, who, in silks and delicateness of person, was rather an apparition in the cobblery. Tom had some dreary notions that repairs might be wanted—he could scarcely be honest and undertake an entire pair of boots, and that was his momentary trouble.

"Mrs. Venning," he said, "has come up to see Susan and her little one. Now don't put yourself about, Mrs. Prentis."

"No, no, and do you go on with your nailing, friend," added Mrs. Venning, as Tom stood up Peninsular-fashion, and swept off his red cowl in salute. "I like so much to hear you working. It's quite cheerful."

Tom accordingly went on again, but his taps were merely echoes to the vigorous blows heard coming down stairs. After a few commonplace sentences with Mrs. Prentis, their visitor turned to Susan, who was all flushed with the doubts that only such as she can feel. George, chattering with old Tom, watched Mrs. Venning narrowly. He had made himself, as it were, her physician, and was noting the progress of his cure. Susan's baby had wakened up in the manner of babies commonly, and was staring hard at Mrs. Venning's ribbons, with a reverent intention of crying the moment the ribbons were gone.

"How old is he, Susan?" inquired Mrs. Venning, kindly, as she caressed the infant with her hand, "what a fine fellow he is!"

"He'll be a year old, come December, ma'am," timidly answered Susan, but Mrs. Venning was building up that heart by her simple words of kindness. It was a forgiveness—her own sex pardoning the sin.

"I think you work at my husband's factory, do you not?"

"Yes, ma'am—for a number of years."

"But don't you feel as if you would like to be nearer your little boy, than up at the mill?"

Mrs. Venning had kind reasons for speaking thus, but unwittingly laid bare the wound which Susan bore. She was a mother, but no wife—had neither husband to work for her, nor home to tend of her own. With a woman's quick perception, Mrs. Venning understood the silence—a little sullen perhaps—of the young woman, and she added:

"I mean, wouldn't you like some employment nearer home so that you could look after your baby? I find in many families of young children that their mothers are tempted to work in the factories for the sake of the wages, and in such cases the poor little things suffer. They are often left in charge of a mere child—sometimes in no charge at all. Of course this is not quite your case, but I daresay you would like to be near your child more, if you could?"

"They're very good to me, ma'am," replied Susan, looking round at Tom cobbling, his wife knitting, so fatherly, so motherly. She could not be treasonable or selfish.

"Oh I am sure of that," was Mrs. Venning's answer,—"I have heard your story, Susan," she continued in a low voice, such as might have, in one hour, long past, of great agony, said words of glad welcome back to another of the frail sisterhood,—"I have been told of your father's unkindness. Your mother too—I know all. And yet you see God has not left you alone."

"No, ma'am," said Susan, humble now, "praise to goodness, I have found a home, and other parents."

Mrs. Venning gazed on her anxiously, reading some interpretations for her own self. George, chattering with Tom, spoke more and more at random.

"They have been very considerate, I daresay," continued Mrs. Venning,—"never hurt your feelings, or given you to understand that the past cannot be forgotten or pardoned?" This, in an abstracted way, hanging eagerly on the girl's words.

"No, no, they've been kind, oh! very kind to me. I'm sure I don't know what would ha' become of me, if I had been cast out by them. I had no home, and had little right to expect one. Oh, ma'am," said Susan, more earnestly, "it's an awful thing to ask mercy from your own father or mother, and not get it. I was in the shadow of death."

A step sounded on the booming stair of wood, and the door familiarly opened without a prefatory knock. A dead silence greeted the entrance of Gabriel Tye, bleared and haggard, in search of black-mail probably. Gabriel was rather taken aback by the presence of a lady, and of George Heath, of whom he had a salutary dread. He held the handle of the door in one hand, and with the other removed a very battered Donnybrook Fair style of a hat.

"Evenin', Tom, and you, Mrs. Prentis. How are you t'night, George?"

A chilling return was made to Mr. Tye's cordial advances.

"Who's that?" asked Mrs. Venning of Susan, who beheld her father's entrance with a sense of horror.

"It's my father, ma'am; oh! it's dreadful."

Old Tom was in a state of great perplexity what to do, but George Heath made very short work of the intruder. He rose up calmly, released the door from Gabriel's grasp, and pointing down the dark staircase, said to him in a low voice, for George was always considerate,

"You'd better go. We're all the happier without you."

Tye was amazed. His virtuous and fatherly heart glowed with indignation at the oppressive measure taken against him.

"Eh! wot? Here's a little game," he said, replacing his Donnybrook defiantly, like a knight of old his casque; "I aint to see my daughter—my poor dear, darling Susan, I am so fond of!"

George did not argue with such men as Gabriel; and it would be well, in similar instances throughout the world, that the like treatment of sophism was resorted to, more frequently than in this case. Advancing to the top of the stair, George repeated in the same cool tone:

"Gabriel, you'd better go. Don't you see, you're just as bad's a night-mare to decent people."

"Go! I like that. I haint come to see you. I've come to see Susan. I say Susan, come here, to your poor old father."

Gabriel blinked at his daughter, sitting cowering by Mrs. Venning, who looked with horror at the bad father. And yet unlikes are often nearly likes; the difference between herself and that brute was not so great.

"Can't I come in, Tom, an' see my own daughter?"

Gabriel tried the pathetic-cum-argumentative course.

"It's very hard I'm to be shut out from my own child."

Tom rubbed his head, but said nothing; looked, however, at the red china bowl, where the leather purse was.

George had meted out sufficient grace to Gabriel.

"Are you coming, or are you not. You have asked if you are welcome. And you've been told that you're not welcome. Come along." With this brief exhortation George grasped Gabriel by the wrist, and without any difficulty conducted that exemplary husband and father to the foot of the stair, swearing as many oaths as would have served a century of "afferdavits."

"I'll mind you for this, you psalm-singing hypocrite, you!" said Mr. Tye, on arriving on terra firma. "You'll go round with women, you will, a-poking of your nose into people's 'ouses, you sneaking critter. Faugh! I couldn't a-bear doing that!"

A few stray Bedouins, from the red-hot Nile, gathered around the afflicted Gabriel. As for George, he was perfectly unmoved by Mr. Tye's wrath—but was all pitiful of the wretched creature shrieking so blasphemously.

"Hold your bad tongue, man," he said sternly, in a way that stopped Gabriel's horrible drivel, "you can't harm me by calling me everything that's bad, but you are harming yourself, you poor creature. Go home, and ask God to pardon you for what you have done—don't stand there teaching these infants to swear."

George then walked up-stairs again, leaving Tye in the centre of an increasing circle of juvenile Arabs. Addressing them with the gesticulation of drink and passion, Mr. Tye recounted the story of his unrequited love for Susan, and the shameful treatment he had just experienced; concluding with shaking his clenched fist at George's myth, and cursing him with much fluency and acceptance to the hungry-eared crowd which had gathered around him. He even got some coarse-souled fellows—there are always such about—to sympathize with him. They knew—those hulking drunken men, who are the dead weight in the working class toiling upwards—they knew Heath afore that,—an interfern', preachin'—(expletive)—allus a-thinkin' himself a sight better than his mates.

Mrs. Venning stayed about half-an-hour with the Prentises, and left with her heart in a fairer way to get right than ever it had been before. George felt this, and his English heart was full to overflowing, for the delicate and refined woman beside him, groping her way towards Penitence and Peace—seeking it like a mud-bespecked pearl, amidst much squalor and many ragged miseries. God direct her, thought George, saying to her, when they gained the dark earth of Jorker's Court floor:

"Your visit, ma'am, will do a world of good to poor

Susan. She'll feel it like a prisoner in the dock when the Jury say 'Not guilty.'

"But sometimes it happens"—she was putting her own case, ever uppermost in the sensitive mind, "that society, where it would, cannot forgive an outcast like her. At all events," she corrected herself hurriedly, "cannot receive her back again."

"The more's the pity," answered Heath; "it may be so—but I would not, for all the world, be one of those in society who are called upon to receive a poor contrite girl, and refuse."

"There are duties—" began Mrs. Venning, but she stopped abruptly. No need to talk on *that* of all subjects with one of her husband's workmen.

"There are," said George quietly, when she stopped. "There are duties which God tells us of in His Book. Society has, from what you say, made others, and some of them don't tally with the set of the Bible."

They had nearly reached the end of the Court.

"A very old woman lives up there," remarked George, pointing to a dark entry. "Even older than Tom's sister. She came here with her son a short time ago, and he's in the mill now. Poor old woman! When I saw her she was footsore with tramping it along a hard road, and I don't think she has her wits now."

"How pitiable!" said Mrs. Venning. "Let us go and see her. I am late at any rate, and Mr. Venning will excuse another quarter of an hour now."

Another such stair as Tom's; they seemed—those Jorker's Rents stairs—to moulder away simultaneously; and they arrived at Stubbings' door, directed by a small girl, who nearly tumbled over them in the darkness.

George knocked at the pine-wood door. No answer for a while.

"Not in, ma'am, I am afraid. I'll try again."

This time sounds were heard within, and a voice enquired who was there.

"Why, that's not Stubbings' voice. We've been told wrong, ma'am. If you'll just wait here for one minute, I'll go down stairs and find out the proper place."

Just as he turned to descend the stairs, the door opened, and a man's figure was projected against the dimly lit wall. He advanced a little, peering into the darkness to see who the intruders were.

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Venning, in a shriek of astonishment, "Noel, you here. Why, how did you not tell me of your coming into town?"

George was not less amazed to find Mr. Venning visiting the wretched home of one of his hands—it was so at variance with his life.

"Well this was it, Clara," said Venning, who spoke a little confusedly, and stood passively in the doorway. "I—I—heard of—in fact, the man here, Stubbings, is a new hand—and I was desirous of satisfying myself as to the man's habits. You know the man's looks are against him?" turning to Heath.

"He's been steady enough, sir, since he came," answered George. "Further I cannot say."

"They tell me," said Mrs. Venning to her husband, who never offered to admit her into the room, "that this man has a poor old mother, so frail, and I came up to see her."

"Oh, he's not in," said Venning, confusedly.

"Who's not in, Noel?"

"Stubbings. I thought it best just to wait till he came back."

"Well, I may visit the poor old dame, even supposing her son is out."

He thought for a moment.

"No—yes—oh; I fancy it makes no difference, you had better come in."

She entered followed by George, who felt yet another mystery rising like a shadow at Endor. Nothing could be more miserable, even in Jorker's Rents, than the hole in which Stubbings had pitched his Wandering Tent. The plaster had in many places fallen from the laths which showed through the holes like the ribs of a skeleton. Happy the poor man with only *that* skeleton in his house! A small fire of peat-moss smouldered on the bare hearth, and its light was supplemented from a yellow-flickered candle, supported in the orthodox Jorker's-Rents candlestick, an empty beer-bottle, occasionally turned to its original use. The only noticeable piece of furniture in the room was a raised bed in one corner, hung closely round with coarse sacking.

"I suppose she is in there," said Mrs. Venning; "Have you seen her, Noel?"

"I?—oh no! why should I?"—not the usual calm business man—"never thought of it. I have been sitting here, waiting to speak to Stubbings, not caring to go back without doing what I came in for."

"I must have a look. Perhaps she's asleep, poor old thing!" said his wife, stepping forward, and laying her little gloved hand on the coarse hangings.

"Why, I wouldn't disturb her, Clara," said Venning, laying his hand on her arm. "It's scarcely kindness, though, of course, you meant it as such, my love, to waken her out of the sleep of age."

"Well, I won't, Noel," replied Mrs. Venning, releasing the curtain from her grasp. He appeared to be more at ease when she did so.

"Besides, ma'am, she's lost her head now," said George Heath, touching his head significantly. "When she was up in my lodgings the night she came, she took no more notice of me than if I hadn't been there."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Venning, laying her finger on her husband's shoulder, "she is speaking."

"Wandering in her dreams likely," said Venning, "a very old woman they say."

"Hus—s—sh!"

A feeble treble, the old age echo of a jubilant and lusty voice, was shaking itself out of the sack. A quavering, heart-sickening, voice, going straight to Mrs. Venning's heart. Her husband stared intent, listening breathlessly; George too. There was a mystery in the room, and dark meanings in that feeble wail.

"Coom in t'supper, lad—aye—aye—coom awa'—Here the voice lost itself in a querulous murmur. "Willie—Wil-lie—coom lad—Willie—Supper's an' waitin' thee—Wil-lie—

"She is wandering," whispered Clara to her husband. "Perhaps thinking of some happy home she once had. Willie's her son's name I fancy."

"Yes, yes, of course," he answered her, almost crossly, and twitched his face into a scowl.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said George, who overheard the conversation in the dead stillness, "her son's name's Matthew."

"Oh, then, the poor old body is thinking of some other son. Dead, perhaps—who knows?"

"Ay, Clara, dead. Never to meet again till they meet in the other world," said Mr. Venning, solemnly.

"May it be Heaven!"

Again the old voice quavered out of the recesses of that curtained bed.

"Willie's i' th' wood—Willie—Wil-lie—coom awa', lad, fro' th' Beechen Crop—Willie—Wil-lie—"

A dead silence for a minute.

"Oh, Noel, this is painful. Let us go," said Mrs. Venning; "the old woman is reliving her past. That awful past—so seldom happy."

"Yes," he replied, mechanically, "let us go. I will not wait to see the new hand."

So they left the Rents and drove home. George brooded that night in his little room, but not of Advance as was his old wont. As he brooded, he muttered to himself, "Words and tones the same; Leslie noticed that."

CHAPTER XII.

ONE LESS IN THE COBBERY.

November fogs began to trail themselves, of an evening, round the streets. Workers shivered home at night from the mills at quicker pace than in the balmy summer sun-downs. People, who could afford to recognise seasons in the matter of apparel, were purchasing shick, cosy woollen mail, against the terrible King Cold—Kaiser of the North. November had come, reminding poor people of their poverty. One always feels his necessities more on a cold day. Hunger, likewise—that other great potentate, who commands the mechanic to drive his loom faster, the founder to wield his hammer more vigorously, the needle-woman to stitch more quickly—seemed with the bleak Novembral influence to lay his gaunt hand more sternly on the labouring man.

In the cobbery things were Novembral. Mists were gathering round the future of Tom's little home. What with the Gabriel impost, and his infirm sister requiring so much attention and little delicacies, Tom found it hard to get along. His greatest trouble was his inability to meet his weekly payments into the Friendly Society to which he belonged. Tom had a great idea of these admirable associations; and although he had never had occasion to reap any benefit from them, paid his weekly sum with cheerful regularity, against a rainy day. But the rules of the Friendly Society were stringent, and it cut old Tom to the heart to deprive the women depending on him of the least of their little comforts. The winter coming on, too, Tom's heart, stout as it was, almost failed, when he reflected on the many necessities

of life, which, alas, there was so little in hand to buy. But he worked on, trustful as Elijah at the brook Cherith.

Susan felt it all, and took the whole of the cause on her own shoulders. What, though it was her father who robbed the honest old soldier? Was not she the link between them? She would break the link, and haply the fetters of want would fall to the ground.

Her little scheme was soon laid, and the needful preparations, slight enough, God knows, carried through. One afternoon, when the humble dinner had been finished, and Tom had given thanks, Susan, silently praying for a blessing on them all, took her child in her arms and descended the stair. There was nothing strange in her so doing; and Mrs. Prentis knitted, and Tom cobbled, and old Mary stonily gazed, unwitting of the poor pilgrim's resolve.

Susan traversed the Rents, and took the road which led by way of the river, up the Ruddibourne Hill. In a short time she reached the open fields, hedge-rowed and studded with trees. Going into a small grass field, Susan crossed to an inner quickset hedge, and stooping down, drew out a little bundle which she had placed there in the morning. Returning to the highway, the poor girl trudged wearily up the winding hill road.

Susan knew not on that chilly November afternoon, where she was going: two lives adrift, with a bundle of decent rags, by way of sustenance, between them.

About three miles from Ruddibourne, the bold line of cliffs which threw back the sea, was broken by a ravine extending a quarter of a mile inland, enclosed by steep banks, dark green with pine and mountain ash. At high water the tide rushed up to the inner end of this creek, and left it dry at ebb tide. Man, as usual, had taken advantage of the circumstance. Across the mouth, which was not broader than a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards, (although the creek broadened inland to a small lake), had been built a stout marine wall, pierced by two powerful flood-gates. When the tide rose up to these flood-gates, which were hung, on the inside of the wall, by spring hinges at the top, they were pressed open, and the sea rushed in with great impetuosity, filling the creek level with the outside stream. When the tide began to ebb, this confined volume of water tried naturally to make its way back, again to sea, but the gates, shut by the pressure, held the salt-meer firmly in.

But then, just at one end of the marine wall, there was a romantic little white-washed mill for grinding corn; and it was to drive this mill that the tide was pent-up in the care of the little ravine. The motive power was acquired in this manner: there was a sluice at the mill, level with the sill of the flood-gates, and when the ebb-tide had fallen two or three feet below the big undershot water-wheel, the sluice was opened, and the confined water running out, sent the wheel merrily round. And so abundant was the supply, that the wheel never ceased going round, till the tide came in again, when it stopped, and the flood-gates opened, and the water ran up once more into the reservoir. Thus the mill worked busily six hours, and rested six, and the barren profitless sea, as some poets rather hurriedly call it, proved one of the best servants a grain-miller ever had. For the white-bonneted grist-winner had never to pause in drought, till the truant rains should re-fill the wasted water-course from the upland moors. No, the big wheel at the sea-mill went splashing round at all seasons; when the rain beats down in cataracts, as when, in a long heat, the summer sun shimmered the still blue lakelet. Nor had ice anything to say to the working of the sea-mill; for the bold salt water, journeyed from foreign parts under stiff gales—new from buffeting men-of-war in their copper-sheath panoply—from dashing over submerged palaces and towers—was not to be fettered by the puny bands of frost and snow.

Over against the mill, the cliffs were not so well wooded, and large masses of red sandstone peeped out from the wreaths of green interspersed. Splendid red cliffs they were; the colour so rosee rich and dark, as to be difficult to account for. There was a tradition of some terrible "burning" which had arisen ages before in a forgotten coal-pit on the coast (there were yet rich seams a-working in the neighbourhood), and had smouldered on for the better part of a century, calcining the adjoining strata into all manner of geologic difficulties. The word Ruddibourne, indeed, was derived by the Rev. Mr. Paul, in a paper which he once read in the Lyceum, from the sea-coal catastrophe. However, exactly opposite the mill, there was a natural cave high up in the Sandstone Bluff, reached toiling

by a zigzag path up the precipitous bank. An extensive horizontal indentation of the cliff in the locality of this cave caused the upper part of the rock to hang beetling over it, and likewise effected a little terrace or platform just at the entrance.

There was no particular legend appertaining to the Red Cave: no shipwrecked saint, fugitive king; humiliating to record, not even a red-curled or pitcher-booted smuggler, ever had refuge within its recess. But the cave, or as it was better known in Ruddibourne, the Eyrie, was inhabited in this wise:

The Floodgate required a good deal of looking after; and an old sailor had for many years filled the part of superintendent, living up in the Eyrie, which, with the help of turf and stones and so on, he had converted into a very snug hermitage for a contented mind in a contented body. The old tar was known as Sylph, that being the title of his last ship, and no other name was ever bestowed upon him. Indeed, it was popularly believed that he never had any baptismal appellation at all. Sylph was a very ancient mariner. Children from Ruddibourne, on a holiday trip to the Sandstone Bluff were wont to consult Sylph with deep interest as to the history, build, and navigation of the Ark. Or, if you please, Sylph, what of the Flood? To which Sylph, not willing to appear abroad on such nautical topics, would return elaborate answers, slightly at variance, it must be confessed, with the Scriptural view.

Sylph was a weakness with wandering artists, who came from far and near to do him, with the mill in the back-ground. They were accustomed to rub down a little negative color in their palettes and sketch the old sailor in neutral tint. There was not certainly very much brilliant-color about Sylph. The action of the years, and a seamanly contempt for toilette, together, had struck a general average of tint, and blue jacket, white canvass trousers, red cheek and hand, were all of one permeating and immutable brown.

On the evening, or rather late in the afternoon, of the same day in which poor Susan had cast her bread on the waters of chance, Sylph sat on a bench of turf outside of the cave, with a large-printed Bible in his hand, from which he ever and again looked towards the flood gates, through which the advancing tide was foaming its noisy way far below. Sylph only read one book, and that was the Bible; and he only read certain portions of the Bible, and these were the nautical bits. And so entirely had shipping matters changed since those days, Sylph was always making most heterodox jumbles of the sacred narrative.

A green parrot, of great antiquity, perched sedately on the turfy sill of the Eyrie window, looking sideways at Sylph with a sleepy droop of its scaly eyelid. From this listless occupation, it would wake up to rub its beak fiercely against its claw.

As Sylph directed his regards towards the marine wall, he noticed a woman, with a child in her breast, sitting on the bank of the creek. For some time he paid little attention to the circumstance,—not so very uncommon, although the sea mill was off the highway, where such wandering creatures, tramping through life with a child were generally to be found. But as the afternoon wore on, and the little mead had covered its dark ferny bed, trailed with green seaweed and vegetation, still that solitary woman sat, bent over her child, and rigid on the cold bank. Sylph began to be afraid for that woman and her baby, so close in this loneliness to the flashing water, when the dim shadows were defiling through the ravine. So taking off his horn spectacles (Sylph, albeit not in the least shortsighted, always read the Bible with spectacles), and placing the Bible on a shelf inside, he went stiffly down the winding path in the direction of the marine wall.

Susan, after she had wandered a few miles along the high road, and the first energy of her purpose had given way before the desolate uncertainty of her faring, had turned off the beaten track into a primitive road, deep-rutted, leaf-strewn, which led through a belt of trees. Possibly to some farm-house, thought the pilgrim; and, with the belief of hearts of towns, she imagined that at a farm-house was always open-handed hospitality. Not for herself—for her little son. On the morrow she would be stronger, braver, more able to get on, but to-night she must ask charity. And, trailing through the long woods, Susan had at length come upon a ravine, with the sea far-stretching on the horizon and a white cluster on the brink of the water. But it was too soon of the afternoon, Susan felt, to go humbly and ask shelter for her child's sake. Rather she would wait till it was chillier, darker, colder (God help her!), so that Nature, the inhospitable, might

crave in her behalf. Keeping, therefore, on the opposite side of the meer from the mill, Susan seated herself patiently on a fern-muffled boulder, and was waiting for the deeper shadows, when Sylph became concerned for her purpose as he beheld her sitting there so drearily hour after hour.

As the old mariner approached, Susan looked up with the startled expression that the homeless have at first experience of their homelessness.

"Oh, Sir!" she said, standing up and dropping the rough old Sylph a curtesy, "I hope you won't turn me away. It's for my baby, sir." Uncovering her child's face a moment, which she had protected with her scanty shawl from the thick air. Sylph was touched, and patted the child's face with his leathern hand.

"A brave lad. Turn you away! No, no, my lass, we don't turn away the likes of you when you come to see us. But what are you sitting there for, all night?" said Sylph; "it's all very well for a ship to bring up in a fog, but for such a craft as you—why—"

Here he shoved his tarpaulin hat to one side, and scratched his head.

"Are you going to any port to-night, eh? got anywhere to go to?"

Susan merely wept in answer.

"Poor lass!" continued Sylph: "on the tramp—aye, aye, I see how it is. Well, come aloft with me, and rest awhile. An old tar cannot do much for a lass like you; but any port in a storm. Come on."

Susan arose and followed him up the staircase, whilst Sylph spoke kind words to her, bidding her cheer up, and all would be well. They entered the Eyrie, and poor Susan sank exhausted on a bench cut out of the sandstone wall.

The cave was shaped like a royal crown, with an arching roof ribbed with edges of contorted strata. A low opening led into a further and smaller cave, unlit except from the outer apartment. The front of the exterior cave had been built up with wood and turf so as to be weathertight, a small window being left in the centre. The smoke from an old ship's cooking-stove which was placed in the centre of the cave, escaped by a funnel which protruded through the turf wall at the top. One of two shelves containing earthenware; a pile of fir-cones (*pinus sylvestris*) for fuel; a seaman's chest; and a pallet of beech-leaves covered with some coarse bedding, made up the plenishing of Sylph's port in any storm.

The ancient mariner's first proceeding was to throw in a handful or two of the resinous cones, which speedily blazed up into a warming happy flame. This done, Sylph did not exactly know what to turn his hand to next. In this emergency, the parrot, who had been attentively watching what had been going forward, through the window pane, screamed out, flapping its wings vigorously the while.

"Polly put the kettle on—Polly put the ket-tle on!"

The idea was most excellent, and had doubtless been suggested to the intelligent bird from the mighty meal of Sylph being gone about in that precise way.

"Polly put the kettle on—the ket-tle!"

"Hold your tongue!" cried Sylph, shaking his fist at the parrot. "Aint I a putting of it on, as fast as I can, blow you!" Very ungrateful of the ancient sailor for the relief which the parrot had given him in his difficulty. Susan meanwhile was lying, still with her baby tightly embraced, on the sandstone bench. Not quite insensible, but dulled in the transition state from mental lethargy to the feeling that she was again, by God's providence, housed and cared for in her great need. The stove roared merrily, and the kettle began to boil, and as Sylph took a squint at the floodgates now a speck of white athwart the gathering gloom, he muttered, "the poor lass can't weigh anchor to-night."

Whilst Sylph is taking down his battered cups, and Polly has walked quietly in to join the tea-party, and the cave flashes red in the light of the open stove, old Tom is putting off his leather apron with trembling hands, and Mrs. Prentis with tears in her eyes is holding his old fur foraging cap, late of the Peninsula, in her outstretched hand.

"Poor Susan, why has she left us?" cried Old Tom, fixing on his fur head-piece, and stumping to the door. "God help her, and keep her from wrong and harm!"

"I'm fearin' she's left Ruddibourne," said his wife, as he opened the door, "she's taken some things with her; but you can try. Poor Susan!"

So the child-hearted cobbler, through lanes and courts and out-houses, and at houses of shame (not to neglect a chance), everywhere possible, stumped ungrudgingly, seeking for his lost child. But she was not

to be found. No one had seen her all that afternoon. She had not been at the mill. Finding which, Tom got back late to the cobblery, and handed over Susan, soul and body, to God.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

November wore away on the wings of its fogs, leaving matters in Ruddibourne very much as it found them. Susan's absence had ceased to excite the gossiping curiosity of the Rents; and save some empty corner she had left in some hearts, no memorial existed of the unfortunate girl. Her father perjured himself, as occasion demanded, after whimpering a little at Susan's loss, and the consequent abolition of the Black Mail. Young Leslie had returned to the bleak shore and spectral turrets of Old St. Andrews, and was poring again over his beloved books. No one grieved more sincerely than George Heath over the mysterious disappearance of Susan Tye, and when he told Mrs. Venning what had occurred, she was ready to blame herself for the whole. Had she only been prompt in her intended good deeds to Susan, she said, this would not have happened. But indeed that lady's fit of charitableness was beginning to abate. As a sudden passion in love, which seizes the heart to the utter exclusion of every other sentiment, frequently cools as suddenly, so did Mrs. Venning's lowly evangelism in the lapse of time. 'Twas merely as a medicine—or as a draught of poppies—no need when the diseased mind had been sufficiently ministered to, that the drug should be continued. Wherefore the pony-carriage was put less frequently into requisition as December drew on apace, and the post-twilight pilgrimages were soon stopped altogether.

One afternoon, Mr. Mainwaring walked up leisurely to Mr. Venning's office at the Mill. It was just about the cotton-spinner's hour for returning home, and Mr. Mainwaring was perfectly aware of the circumstance. On entering the counting-room, he found Mr. Venning pulling on his drab-thread gloves, and preparing to leave.

"Ah! just in time to be late," said Mainwaring, shaking hands with him,—well, it's a pity—can't be helped however. Are you driving or walking?"

"Walking to-day," replied Venning, the business man; "the weather is so bracing just now, that I find it does me good to go a-foot home. But what were you wanting to see me about—anything particular?"

"Well," replied Mr. Mainwaring, arching his eyebrows and shrugging a little, "it was about these insurances on the new warehouses. I wrote to the head office, and have just got this reply, and thought you might like to have the whole business gone through without delay. You know the risk is"—another shrug.

"Oh yes!—yes!—I understand that; but are you going? If not, come along with me part of the way, and we can talk the matter over. I'm anxious to get the affair completed."

"With pleasure, I am quite disengaged."

Down to the bridge, iron railed, one-spanned over the steel-blue river; over, and up the winding-road even to the gorge, the light failing the while; they talked animatedly of premiums, renewals, risks, claims, and so on; Mainwaring, an agent for the company, holding out a little against his friend Venning. Purg, unadulterated business on both sides, no doubt.

The runnel, murmuring down the rocks, into its green-wreathed bowl, seemed to strike Mr. Mainwaring as to the distance he had gone, in the excitement (no doubt) of the insurance question.

"Why bless me!" he said, looking at his watch, "I had no idea of coming this length, almost home with you. And the business not adjusted after all." Mr. Mainwaring looked disappointed.

Mr. Venning reflected a minute or two; he was a little nettled at the resistance Mainwaring made to his overtures for a policy on certain sheds he had lately acquired for housing his bales, and the business fit was strong upon him.

"Well," he said at length, "since you have been good enough to come this length, perhaps you will just accompany me home, and let us settle this matter. I can't promise you great dinner, but if you can put up with our family meal, I'll be glad if you'll come."

Mr. Mainwaring hesitated as it were, for a while; but his little fences were easily jumped over, and just as the night was fairly amongst the trees, the pair turned up the approach to the old house.

They found Mrs. Venning sitting in the drawing-room,

which was cosily lit up from a fire in the polished grate, and a soft-rayed solar lamp.

"Oh Clara, I've brought Mr. Mainwaring with me to talk business after dinner."

She bowed her welcome to Mr. Mainwaring, who salaamed low, transfixing her the while with his dark uncomfortable eyes. A few commonplaces ensued, on much subjects as a walk Novembrial was likely to afford.

"Now if you'll excuse me for a moment," said Mr. Venning, as he rummaged his great-coat pocket, producing as the fruits of his search, a handful of letters and newspapers. "I have a letter for you, Clara."

He turned over his miscellaneous stock in search of it.

"For me?" Mrs. Venning was surprised, arching her voice.

"Yes—here it is—lady's writing. Now, I'll be back again immediately."

And he left the room: Mrs. Venning and the basilisk Mainwaring alone. She took the letter in her hand and looked at the postmark and address.

"I have very few correspondents," she said, languidly, preferring insipidity of conversation to eloquent silence on Mainwaring's part. "This is a fresh one, however—London—I cannot fancy who it is from."

"A difficulty easily solved," said Mainwaring in his Parisian, lacquered, voice, "unless your fair correspondent, for I presume it is a lady? sign herself 'yours very truly, A. B. C.'

She broke the seal as he was speaking. Mainwaring was leaning on the chimney-piece; over it, a large pier glass, in which Mrs. Venning sitting or rather lounging in a *chaise longue*, could be distinctly seen. Looking into the lucent deep of the mirror, the lawyer saw Mrs. Venning's beautiful face contract with terror and her white delicate hand shake, as she read the letter. When she finished the perusal, he saw her put her hands to her forehead as if the temples ached with a too great pain to bear. He turned round, and, affecting to be politely, guest-ally, startled, said—

"My dear Cl—Mrs. Venning, you seem unwell; I hope you have had no unpleasant news?" Great expression on his face.

She was herself again—a snowy volcano, such as Hecla may be—repose without, fire within.

"Thanks, sir, it is nothing. An old friend—writes me, and—and—"

"Ah! I can sympathise. Ill, no doubt." Mr. Mainwaring sometimes spoke against his own certain knowledge. "And you would, if you could, fly to her, comfort her, and be her old comrade in the hour of trial."

He looked at her intently as he spoke. Mrs. Venning was deadly pale, and crouched on her seat—not fully and voluptuously leaned on its rich cushions.

"Sickness is indeed a sad thing," murmured the lady, allowing, so to say, that Mr. Mainwaring had divined the contents of the letter correctly.

"The more so," he went on, in his Parisian manner, with a dash of the Rhineland through it, "the more so, when the sickness overtakes the friend so far away amongst strangers, that you cannot tend her as you would. And in such a case one can only sigh for the lot they cannot render less difficult to bear. A female, too—did you say she was alone amongst strangers?"

Negligently, and as if forgetful of what Mrs. Venning had very possibly, in fulness of sympathy, told him of her sick friend.

"Yes—no—" she answered, at random, "that is to say—not quite. No relations."

"Ah! that is even worse." Mainwaring was getting quite pathetic on the sores of the distant sick-a-bed. "No relations. What a curious feeling to have! No relations—well, perhaps it is better. I have heard of one relation driving off another like a plague, or a demon. One gets to see through relations after a while."

So one does. There was bitter point in this sententious remark of Mainwaring's to poor, weak Mrs. Venning, holding the open letter in her hand.

"Yes; I don't think much of blood-friends," continued Mr. Mainwaring, going wholly into the German school, "and should be very much left to myself if I put my entire trust and confidence in a person who was only linked to me by accident of birth. No, I'd sooner confide in an utter stranger; he is generally more unbiased than one's relations, who are all against you. Take a case," (Mr. Mainwaring, relying on the usual license of "shop," was very fond of hypothetical possibilities,) "you are in difficulties;" (he was addressing the ring), and waving his hand rhetorically in its direction. "Well, you want assistance and advice and encourage-

in that hour of need. Where to go, is the question your soul is disturbed about. A cousin presents himself—is dismissed. Uncles, aunts, parents, ay—even a sister—share the same result. You cannot trust any of them. Your heart tells you that your relations are not to be taken into your troubles. But of a sudden impulse—a blind motion, which you cannot account for—you turn to a stranger—take myself, for instance—well, you turn to me, and in me you find a guide, an advocate, and a friend!"

As Mr. Mainwaring climaxed his imaginary case to the rug, Mr. Venning re-entered the room; and the lawyer noticed that his wife slipped the letter into her pocket immediately. He did not resume the subject of blood relationship—its ties and its failings—nor did he, in Mr. Venning's presence, betray any further interest in the matter of the sick invalid, far away amongst strangers.

"Sing us a song, Clara, before we go in to dinner," said Mr. Venning; "Mainwaring and I are going to talk business afterwards, and it's a chance if we have an opportunity of hearing you again."

The lawyer was courtly in his solicitations that she would sing one of the German wildnesses which he knew her to realise so completely. As he asked her, Mainwaring thought of the swan singing its solitary death notes. This was almost as festal an occasion. Mrs. Venning moved toward the piano mechanically, and without looking for music, or speaking a word, began to play Schubert's music to Gretchen's song in Faust. The poor girl is singing to the spinning wheel, the monotonous whirr of which runs through the accompaniment. It is a broken-hearted song.

Meine Ruhe ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmer mehr.

After dinner, Mrs. Venning, having a headache, retired to her own room, and did not appear again during the rest of the evening. Her peace was gone: her heart was sore. But that wandering sister, was she never to meet her again? Nimmer mehr!

(To be continued.)

PETROLEUM.

My Kitty's father loved me well,
And I was very fond of Kitty,
Plain folk are they, who plainly dwell
Upon the east side of the city;
Slim are there means—the more the pity,
And it is said by envious snarlers
Who, I must own it, were not wholly dumb;
They could not furnish their front parlours
Till papa struck petroleum.

No viands, lavish and dyspeptic,
In Kitty's warm and ripe cheeks smoulder,
Their healthy red convinced the sceptic
She had a lovely bust and shoulder;
Her heart was true, I often told her,
When in her seven-by-nine foot garden
We cooed and kissed in summer's holy hum,
And thought not how one heart would harden,
When papa struck petroleum.

She was the idol of my dreams;
I lent her mother legal tenders,
And played with little Charles and Jeemes,
When their papa went off on "benders;"
They called me first of their befrienders,
And sang my praise in prose and rhymes,
And always loved to hear me troll a hum—
Ah! that was in the good old times
Ere papa struck petroleum!

With quivering voice, like a soprano,
One night her hand, the healthiest, heartiest,
Fresh from the washboard—her piano—
(She played upon it like an artist),
I took and said: "Love through me darstest;
Dear Kitty! will you deign to bless
Your Arthur? Kneeling thus I lowly come!"
She whispered: "Dearest, take me—yes!"
(Pa had not struck petroleum!)

Next Sabbath came, and as before,
In my best suit I sought her subub,
And knocked at the familiar door,
But heard within some novel hubub;
"Perhaps," I said, "they thrash or drub Bub,
Her urchin brother, and no wonder!"
But o'er me boding melancholy come—
"Not in!" my love's tones pealed in thunder:
"Papa has struck Petroleum!"

"Not in to your betrothed!" I cry;
"While at your threshold, cold and sad I pose;
Though oil like rivers bubble by,
I have enough to make you adipose!
That you are mine, let your own Ma depose;
You wear the ring I have sans doubt;
Some passing madness must have stole you, mum!"
My charmer's voice replies: "Get out!
Papa has struck Petroleum!"

I heard no more, but drooped and wilted,
And travelled off at maddening gait,
And, in despair at being jilted,
Stopped at a bar to lubricate:
And felt affection turn to hate,
When, ere long, in her dashing carriage,
False Kitty, saw I, but not solely come—
Young Mr. Oates got her in marriage;
Twas Shoddy and Petroleum.

"Be this my solace, then," I laughed,
"Still shall I wear complexion gala,
And, like her father, sink my shaft,
On unctuous Monongahela;
From derrick high my drill impale a
Wide-flowing well deep in the soil,
And to my tanks the sex shall wholly come,
To make me great when I strike oil,
As Kitty struck Petroleum.

THE STRANGER'S SECRET.

In the small town, or large village of Duldale, there were three conspicuous and prolific families, the Buttons, the Duttons, and the Suttons. Their ancestors had settled in the place when it was first heard of, and the heirs of these three names had done so much for the population of it that it had become rare to find a family there in which there was not a tinge of the Button, Dutton, or Sutton blood. But though these families rhymed, they did not harmonize. Though they averaged an equal respectability, and the three old family-trees branched and blossomed with about equal abundance, they were possessed with such an exclusive kind of family-pride that they could not bear each other's names without a sneer, and reciprocally despised themselves as if they thought Heaven had planted them there to crow over each other, and poison the village-air with the spirit of detraction.

They always kept a keen eye and ear for each other's faults, and when anything went wrong in one of these three families, the others smiled with derision and tossed their heads, saying, that "It was no more than could be expected of a Button, or a Dutton, or a Sutton." So infectious was the bad example they thus furnished, added to the usual slander-breeding influence of the country-air, that the inhabitants of Duldale became for many years such a set of wranglers, as to be a continual nuisance to themselves and all who visited them—snapping, snarling, sneering, and sneezing at each other so much, that new-comers were warned away, and the growth of the town became stunted, and would have been dwarfed into utter depopulation in time, had it not been for the standard aforesaid prolific qualities of the Buttons, Duttons, and Suttons—who married and intermarried, grew and multiplied, and were determined not to move away—at least before the other rival families had become extinct in that quarrelsome vicinity.

At last there came a lull in Duldale—a transient lull—as if all the meddlers and scandal-mongers had worn themselves out with saying all they could say that was bad about each other, and were pausing to recruit—to begin again in fresh earnest: in the mean time on the watch for something to worry about that was not an old story!

It was during this temporary truce in that unhappy community, that a stranger arrived, and furnished a fine object for malignant curiosity to whet its edge on. He bore the startling name of Valerius Viper, and took up his abode, alone, in Jeroboam Dutton's little peasant-green, four-roomed cottage near Neversleep's grocery, at the edge of Pondlily Swamp, close to Hemlock Summit, and a cow's gallop from Three Forks in the Road.

The day of his arrival to occupy the little house was one of varied and general sensation throughout the village.

The first intimation that something extraordinary was to happen, was the fact that the notice at the grocery that Dutton's house was to be let was taken down. The news spread like wildfire. Mrs. Peep was the first to question Neversleep about it, and he rubbed his hands,

and his eyes sparkled joyfully, at the promise of a new customer who was to live so near, and the prospect of an arrival which offered a fresh subject for village-scandal and excitement. All village-grocers love excitement. It is a rare luxury, and gives them trade and influence as headquarters for news.

When the grocer assured Mrs. Peep that Dutton's cottage was not only let but moved into she straightway went and told Mr. Faddle; Faddle crossed the road and told Widow Musteanteer; she hitched up her hose and rode over and told Miss Twidgit; and then they both entered the wagon and rode around and spread the news among the Buttons and Suttons, presuming that, as the place had been let by one of the Duttons, they must already be in possession of the secret, and it would be superfluous to call upon them.

"Well," said the scornful Buttons and Suttons, sneeringly, "that little coop of Jerry Dutton's is let at last. He has been long enough about it. But to whom? No great things, no doubt. Empty house is better than a bad tenant. We have got a few empty tenements, but we don't let them to everybody."

The exciting question now was: Who was this new tenant? Everybody in the village had heard something about it before now, and those who could not go at once to the grocery and make enquiries, made those who could promise to come and let them know as soon as convenient.

Neversleep was besieged with questions throughout the day, and out of the mass of anxious inquisitors he managed to get back three of his old customers, who had not darkened his doors for months, and whom nothing but an extraordinary circumstance could have induced to visit him.

Everybody was prepared and eager to be startled, and the name of the stranger seemed a happy forerunner of something shocking in the future.

"Valerius Viper!" reported everybody. "Is he a very bad-looking man? Is he poor? Has he got a family? How old is he? Where did he come from? How long has he taken it for? What rent is he to pay? Will he deal with you? Is he pious? Does he drink? Light or dark? Tall or short? How does he dress? What kind of furniture? Has he got a dog? Is he going to keep house?"

Neversleep could give very little satisfaction upon the points inquired about, but promised to do his best to find out everything and tell everybody—especially the Buttons and Suttons, who were the most uneasy of all to hear something bad, because the stranger had hired of a Dutton.

But little more was gathered, however, on the first day than that Valerius Viper was a thin and pale-faced young man, about twenty-five, with large, dark-blue eyes, of a fierce expression, heavy black beard and eyebrows, standing about five feet six, weighing about a hundred and thirty pounds, and wearing a dark felt hat and a suit of gray. He had expressed his intention of doing his own cooking, and paid for what he bought when he took it. As to other matters, he observed a mysterious reserve, had a mournful look, and a knowing, suspicious kind of glance.

"My opinion," hinted Neversleep, desirous of making his new neighbour as attractive as he could, "my opinion is that there is something worth knowing in his history—there is meat in it—which we will all get at, if we watch close—and I shouldn't wonder if he should be often seen in my shop."

The promise for the future made everybody satisfied for the present, as there was a pleasure in having time to indulge in a little shrewd, uncharitable guessing about Viper, before the facts came out; but the spirit of family animosities was so strong in the two rival houses of Button and Sutton, that the principal members of these families took occasion, even on the first day, to saunter by the stranger's dwelling, to glean what stray bits of information might be afforded by a chance glimpse of him, or a peep into his windows.

But he had taken the precaution to keep the lower curtains drawn, and the exterior remained as dull as ever; and thus baffled, the Buttons extracted a promise from Neversleep, that whatever news he should gain from time to time, he would let them know first. And he said he would. And the Suttons asked, as a special favour, that he wouldn't let out anything more about Viper, before he had told them. And he said he wouldn't.

Notwithstanding this, a whole week elapsed, and the general ignorance about the young stranger remained as great as before, except that he had been daily seen, for a short time, at the grocery, in the act of buying a

few trifles, and apparently adverse to entering into conversation with anybody but Neversleep. On one occasion only had he been noticed to linger, after a purchase, and then he was sitting in silence on a barrel, as if watching the movements and words of all who entered.

Disappointed curiosity now became angry with Neversleep, who afforded such little information. People suspected that he knew a great deal more of the young man than he was willing to tell; and some openly charged him with being in league with that mysterious customer. The unhappy grocer was threatened with loss of patronage if he didn't show himself more friendly than this; and he said he was willing to make any bet they pleased, or go before a court and swear—and double swear—that he didn't know any more than he did know.

"Find out, then," said they. "You don't take enough interest. You're behind the age. A grocer, in a place like this, ought to know everything."

But Neversleep was not equal to the demand made upon him, and morbid Duldale fancy now wandered into the vague realms of scandalous surmise, and everybody except the Duttons had some disparaging rumour to relate about the one grand object of their thoughts.

Some manufactured lies to corroborate others; some spun falsehoods for the purpose of contradicting; but whether they agreed or disagreed, the colouring of all the pictures was dark enough, and Valerius Viper, the most unknown, seemed to be the most thoroughly well-known person in the village—the focus of all being that he was a reptile, as became his name.

His studied reserve was so provoking that, before a month had passed, Jeroboam Dutton regretted that he had such a tenant, the prejudice excited against him having become so intense as to reflect against the name of Dutton, and give the Buttons and Suttons more occasion to crow over it.

Towards the latter end of the month something tangible was arrived at. More than twenty persons had put their heads together and compared their experiences, and found that they had each seen, at various times, Valerius Viper up in the woods, in the daytime, striding in a frenzied manner to and fro among the trees, muttering in a deep tone, and clasping his hands passionately; and two could swear to having heard him say, very loudly, "O God! O God!"

Was this man a murderer? Had he had losses? Was he a fugitive criminal of some kind? Most assuredly, and this was despair and remorse. Neversleep said he didn't drink, and it couldn't be intoxication; and he had not complained of corns, toothache, nor any other kind of sickness. It was the mind, the mind, that was in agony—and the heart.

These revelations put the grocer more closely on the watch, even, than before; and one afternoon, being particularly struck with the remarkable circumstance, that Valerius Viper entered and remained in the store, sitting upon a bale of corks for full half an hour, with his head drooping as if in deep thought, Neversleep kept his eye upon him—and after he had gone, he went to the bale, to see if perhaps any of the corks had been stolen; and there he found a page of manuscript, which, though horribly written, as if the writer had been in great distress of mind, he managed to interpret as follows:

"DYING CONFESSION."

I slew Eliphilet! Yes, I slew him. O, terrible thought, to die so young, and yet with murder on my soul. Still more horrible to add to the murder of Eliphilet Bates the guilt of suicide. And yet even more awful, to consider that when I destroyed the aged man, for the accused bag of gold that I thought he had, I became the cause of the death of his wife and children, the former with a broken heart, the latter, seven blooming little ones, by starvation. Thus am I already the murderer of nine of my fellow-creatures, without even the satisfaction of being rewarded by that imaginary bag of gold. Horror succeeds to horror, and crime to crime. A price set upon my head; my name dishonored; my kindred shamed; and no tidings from the helpless ones who are for ever bereaved of aid from me. My only consolation is in leaving this confession, which is said to be good for the soul—but now there is another horror; to leave such a name behind; and one more horror, to think that my foes will exult; another horror, that my friends will be agonized anew; still another, to be uncertain to what world I am going; and one more, to fear I may see Eliphilet. Here are horrors enough. But, beyond this, there is yet one more horror, which I—"

Here the page ended, and Neversleep was himself

horrified. It was plain that this was part of the confession of Valerius Viper, preparatory to his intention, sooner or later, to make away with himself.

The first thought of the grocer was, to be careful not to let the young man have anything on trust; and his second was, that he would retain this bit of writing, and show it in private to everybody, the Buttons and Suttons to have the first chances.

Within three days, all Duldale had read or heard about the confession of the fugitive murderer and prospective suicide; and then the grocer returned the paper to its owner, observing, with a sweet smile, that he had just found it by accident.

"Has no one read it?" asked Viper, gloomily.

"Not a soul," said the grocer; "not a soul but me."

"It is immaterial," sighed the young man. "The secrets to which it refers I care not now who knows; for, Mr. Neversleep, I solemnly assure you that my end is near at hand. I did think of suicide, but something tells me that that would be superfluous, and could only anticipate my rapidly-approaching death but a few days, perhaps hours. There is a still greater secret I have to disclose, and it is my wish that it should be confided only to responsible parties. To-morrow morning, should I not come abroad, it will be because I am confined to my bed, and in a rapidly sinking state. I want no physician; but I am desirous that, as early after, say, nine, in the forenoon, you would send to me a clergyman to administer religious consolation; and likewise a member of each of the distinguished families of this place—namely, a Button, a Dutton, and a Sutton, as I have important disclosures to make in secret to each of them."

Neversleep was but too glad to be the agent in such a mysterious affair, and promised he would faithfully perform the errand.

Promptly at nine next morning, the Rev. Mr. Gideon Balm accompanied by Jeroboam Dutton, Ammi Button, and Ananias Sutton, was found in attendance at the bedside of Valerius Viper.

The young man was extremely pale, breathed short and faint, and asked, in a husky voice to have his head propped, a glass of water and a fan. After this assistance he closed his eyes, and remained silent for five minutes.

"He is in a death-stupor. Better rouse him."

"Young man," said the clergyman, "do you want a doctor?"

"No, Sir."

"You are evidently in a dying state. Have you anything you would like to confess, before you disappear from this sublunar scene?"

"Much," said Viper. "Much, of fearful importance to each one of you, but separately. Is Mr. Button here?"

"Here am I," replied Ammi, advancing. "What say?"

Viper whispered for some time in his ear, and Button, saying, "I will go right off,"—went.

A short conference, in the same manner, with Messrs. Dutton and Sutton, who each responded, "Certainly, poor man!" caused them also to hasten away.

"I am now ready," said the Rev. Mr. Gideon Balm, "to hear all you have to say."

"All I wish to say, at present," returned the sick man, "is that I feel so much better, having despatched them on momentous business, that I shall be able, I feel sure, to write my confession to you in the course of the day. I will enclose it in a sealed packet for you, and to-morrow morning, at this hour, it shall be ready, if you will call."

The reverend gentleman looked disappointed, but promised he would come, and soon departed.

On the following morning it was discovered that Valerius Viper had departed also.

The Reverend Mr. Balm arrived alone, the other three not having returned from the solemn errands upon which they had been separately sent. Knocking repeatedly, and receiving no answer, the good man became alarmed.

"Pray Heaven he has not died, or killed himself, as I anticipated might be!" he muttered; and being strong of limb, he burst open the door and entered the house.

Alas! Valerius Viper was gone indeed—body, soul, and furniture; and it afterwards appeared that he had made excellent previous preparations, which enabled him to take flight "between two days."

On a mantel-piece lay the promised packet, however; and the Rev. Gideon Balm opened it, and found the confession to be, that Viper had come to the country to finish a novel he was writing, and also to try his voice

in the woods, as he was studying for the stage. He had hoped to find an amiable and cheerful neighbourhood; but confessed the wretched delusion he had laboured under, and the information which an old resident had given him of the contemptible character of the inhabitants, to whom he suggested a removal to heathen lands, for the purpose of social improvement; and especially would he commend such a change to the members of the distinguished families of the Buttons, Duttons, and Suttons, three representatives of whom he had sent to the city on a wild-goose chase, after persons and secrets that never had existed.

The Rev. Gideon Balm was so horrified at the enormity of this confession, that he read it extensively among his parishioners, and would have preached a sermon upon it, had it not been suppressed by the influence of the distinguished families aforesaid.

OH! NOT IN FAIRY BOW'R'S.

Oh! not in fairy bow'r,
Amid the young and gay—
Oh! not in festive hours,
'Midst pleasures' bright array;

But in the silent glade,
At even's witching time,
Beneath the beechen shade,
We'll meet at vesper chime.

When no intrusive ear
Can list my whisper'd vow,
Nor prying eye is near
To watch thy blushing brow.

And then we'll pledge our souls,
And Bacchus' self eclipse:
He quaffs from flowing bowls—
We'll pledge, love, with the lips!

R. M. S.

HAND AND GLOVE.

A CITY NOVELET.
BY L. H. F. DU TERREAUX.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HAND AND THE GLOVE.

It must have been something more than chance, surely, that the Agra Castle, which brought high fortune to the house of Throgmorton should have brought home Throgmorton's son, Alfred also. But so it was.

His enterprise in Bombay fulfilled, he had intended to return by one of those Indiamen, and a trifling sickness—partly a touched liver, mostly a touched heart—caused him to hasten his departure more quickly than was the custom of the age. For the age took most things slowly and quietly, America having scarcely developed into a settler of high-pressure factions, from blasphemy downwards. Alfred took a vessel or two before he intended, and sailed away on the tedious treacherous seas, which Britannia (by charter) was engaged in ruling. And war being in abeyance—for the treaty of Amiens lasted some fourteen months altogether, while Bonaparte was bullying and insulting the English ambassador,—and no French cruisers giving her chase, that lumbering old vessel, the Agra Castle, came pretty well on until she entered the northern waters, when what with Biscay and the Channel, and having to put back to Madeira for water, and one or two little mishaps, she got so grievously behindhand, as to deceive the underwriters and frighten Standard and bring fortune to the lap of the father of one of her passengers.

He came back tanned, and in a hackney coach, but otherwise, having little of the heroic attributes about him, in the eyes of an impartial observer. Novel heroes and stage heroes are always objectionable characters, with uneasy virtues and a tendency to run their heads against stone walls. Alfred had somewhat of this tendency: a habit of batter-headedness and a disposition to talk heroic platitudes when he thought the occasion demanded them, would have made him a very nice hero—for the stage. But young men of this character are, in real life, not so easy to get on with; and heroes generally are plagues.

Suffice it then that Alfred arrived, and was forthwith celebrated, as if he had been a comet, or a victorious general, or the Ides of March, or any similarly important visitor. The Throgmorton family, as soon as the coach drove up, instantly formed themselves into a

Commemoration Committee, with Mrs. Throgmorton as President. And no actual president in this late millennium of committees could bungle his object more than Mrs. Throgmorton did then—after the manner of estimable old ladies with great hearts. A succession of gratified hysterics on the part of the Delectus made Alfred feel quite at home; and the feeling was strengthened by the rigorous insistence of the old lady that her son should (as it was evening and late) violently partake of an inordinate quantity of beefsteak. This policy fully persuaded Alfred that he was in England, and England's capital. For no other land or city lies so completely under the sway of that gastronomic tyrant and humbug, the British Beefsteak.

News travelled so slowly then that Alfred had much to learn. He had heard of the murder of Waddyhouse, but not of the dissolution of his sister's engagement, or of his father's increase of fortune, or of the service rendered to Standard Brothers. These facts he learnt, and another submitted itself to his notice on going down, a morning or two after his arrival, to the office with his father. The last fact was represented in the flesh by a thin, sallow man with yellow hair and eyes, arrayed in half-nautical attire, who stood waiting in the outer office as the insurance broker and his son passed on into the private room.

Mr. Throgmorton looked over his letters and rang the handbell on his desk. "Who is that waiting, Mr. Smithers?" he asked one of his clerks, who attended.

"Strange man, sir, refuses to give his name, says he must see you personally on business relating to a recent speculation."

"Take these bills of lading, Smithers, and note the Sparta, to place a stop on her cargo on arrival. I will see that man," added Mr. Throgmorton.

He was shown in, biting the end of an india-rubber switch he carried, and sat down after bowing to the two before him.

"Well, my man?" said Throgmorton.

The other was calmly surveying the private office. Over the fireplace hung an engraved drawing of a large merchant vessel sailing under all her canvas on unnaturally smooth water. The man's yellow eyes wandering round the strong boxes of the firm and glancing at the safe-room, fixed themselves on this design with an expression of engrossing interest.

"Your business, my man, your business?" repeated the insurance broker.

"That's a fine drawing, Mr. Throgmorton, sir," replied the sallow man, reflectively. "I've noticed that in these pictures ships are uncommonly straight things, all up and down from stem to stern and clean and pretty to look at. Not such blotchy pieces of workmanship as you'd think from the illustrating of them in the newspapers, though to be sure that may proceed from ink and the perverseness of printers. As you may see from the newspaper ideas of cows and horses."

"Quite so, quite so," returned Throgmorton, peevishly. "Meanwhile, what is your business with me?"

"It wouldn't be out of the practice of a City gent, would it, Mr. Throgmorton, to see another gent on his business alone?" asked the man.

"This gentleman is my son. I have no official secrets with my son."

"Oh, you have no official secrets with your son. Mr. Throgmorton? Good morning, sir. Proud to make your acquaintance as a City gent and one Mr. Throgmorton has no secrets with in the way of business."

"Will you come to the point, if you please?" said Mr. Throgmorton.

"I was coming, sir," his visitor calmly answered, "when that vessel over there put me out. It suggested the lines of the Poet. Fond of poetry Mr. Throgmorton? No? No. As a City gent probably not. Though those lines always struck me as being opposed to the idea of lines generally, being remarkably soft lines. 'I saw from the beach when the sun was declining, a bark o'er the waters move gloriously on—'"

"Hang your bark, sir! I've no time to listen to this rigmarole," interrupted Throgmorton.

"No, sir; but I've not finished. Allow me. 'I came when the sun o'er the French beach was declining. The water was there, but the Agra Castle was gone.'"

"The Agra Castle!" exclaimed Mr. Throgmorton, involuntarily.

"That picture isn't the Agra Castle, is it, Mr. Throgmorton?" added the other. "No, I suppose not; surrounding circumstances look too smooth. Surrounding circumstances were more conflicting when the Agra Castle was beating off the French coast, I think you'll agree with me, sir!"

He said this very quietly. He was calm—much calmer than the respectable broker he addressed, who rose rather hurriedly.

"Alfred, my boy," Mr. Throgmorton hastily said, "you needn't commence slavery just yet. Your desk is hardly arranged for you—don't wait in the office to-day. I have business which will occupy me a good deal, and will see you at dinner-time."

"I have nothing to do, father."

"Nonsense; a young fellow just returned to his native country can always find something to do. At all events leave me for half an hour and come back then." And he dismissed his son, *nolens volens*, and with a perturbed face returned to his seat, fronting his visitor.

But Alfred lingered idly in the general office, reading the morning paper and chatting with the clerks. It is an undiscoverable quantity, the amount of chat that can be got out of hard stools and account books. The confidences that take place between youthful hearts in the City enshrine the hardest desks and coldest bank-post-paper with a halo of romance—and beer.

What took place in the private room was for the present a mystery to Alfred; but the interview had an end and his father appeared. His manner to the yellow stranger had undergone a change. As the door opened he was warmly shaking his hand.

"To-morrow then, my dear sir. The testimonials you bring me are most satisfactory. To-morrow morning you will find a stool at your service, Mr. Smithers," said Mr. Throgmorton; "this gentleman, Mr. Wire, will commence his duties in the office tomorrow: see a place is provided for him."

Mr. Wire turned to Alfred. "I have not had the honour of being introduced to your son, Mr. Throgmorton," he said.

The introduction was effected. "Mr. Wire, Alfred," his father added, "comes recommended by powerful testimonials. I have every confidence in him—every confidence."

"Sir, you are good enough to do me honour. Mr. Throgmorton and Mr. Alfred, sir, I wish you a good morning till our better acquaintance. Gents all." With this parting salutation Mr. Wire put on his hat and sauntered forth, leaving the "gents all" in a pleasing state of curiosity to know who the new fellow could be. And Alfred, feeling less curiosity than the rest—a new clerk more or less made no difference to him—he turned in with his father, and with him was soon embroiled in their meshes of stock, scrip, premium, policy, discount, dividend, time-bargaining, and time-serving. And out of the sea of calculation rose Aphrodite in the form of little Emily Standard, with the hope of a nigh wedding-day. For love is guilty of many City burglaries, and bars won't keep him out of dusty places. Love and arithmetic are not wholly incompatible: witness the settlements of every day.

Meanwhile the new clerk, Mr. Wire, joined the ex-clerk Goodge and their mutual friend Spiker of nautical proclivities. "Well!" Goodge eagerly asked.

"Well," the new clerk replied. "It is well. And what more?"

"Have you nailed him? Have you got him fast and sure?"

"Now look here, Simon," his friend replied, "you're a man who is too much the slave of your passions. You're too hot and ready. Take it coolly. The old gentleman is all right, and I'm all right. Take my advice and keep you all right, and we'll be able to do something for you between us. But don't go choking or battering people about the head, because this is a high commercial position I'm to fill in a City gent's office and not a butcher's shambles."

"Then you are in—that's good, that's good," exclaimed Simon. "Remember though—you and me are Hand and Glove in the affair. Remember that."

"Ah," Mr. Wire reflectively returned, "you said that before. I didn't know then my own position in the arrangement. There's another arrangement on now in that direction"—he pointed up Finch Lane—"it's Hand and Glove with a City gent there, and I begin to see my capacity and his. He'll be Hand in the new arrangement, and do all the moving: I mean to make myself ornamental as Glove. And he'll find the Glove a precious tight fit. What says Mr. Spiker?"

Mr. Spiker, called upon to express his thoughts, did so monosyllabically, suggesting Rum. Which suggestion of Mr. Spiker was hospitably complied with.

The morrow inaugurated the new arrangement, and Mr. Wire entered on his duties. They were very light, and Mr. Wire had remarkable business capacities: for a

fortnight saw him promoted, and a couple of months saw him very much in the position of confidential clerk to the house of Throgmorton, at a salary which the youngest clerk vainly endeavoured to compute by various suggestions of chops, and beer, and hired horses on Sunday—temptations held out to Mr. Wire, for the purpose of testing his income, which nobody knew. But Mr. Wire was proof against temptation. He was on visiting terms with Mr. Throgmorton's family.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCESS DAGMAR'S LAMENT.

[Accepted in MS. by the PRINCESS OF WALES.]

Sister! when the gladsome Spring,
Wakes to life each ice-bound thing,
And the bird's glad anthems ring,
From bush and tree;

Tempting from its wintry bed
The little flow'r to raise its head,
Reluctant yet its leaves to spread;
I think of thee.

The song-bird warbling on the tree,
Joying at nature's jubilee,
Makes no responsive voice in me;
For thou art gone.

Gone too are the happy hours
We oft have passed in Riber's tow'rs,
Culling with careless hand the flow'rs
That strew'd life's path.

We've climbed the mountain's healthy peak
While Northern breezes fann'd our cheek,
And stray'd the azure flow'r to seek
The tiny bell.

Or wand'ring near some rocky cliff,
We stood to watch the dancing skiff,
Dash'd by the waves across the frith,
In fathaland.

Nor dreamt I that the time must come
When thou shouldst seek another home,
Leaving me to stand alone
In coming years.

And ever when thy fancy strays
Back to our sunny childish days,
When we shar'd our griefs and plays,
I long for thee.

Down beside the streamlet's bed
The graceful wood-tree droops its head,
As if to hide the tear t'would shed,
For loss of thee.

Sister! when the Spring is gone,
And the Summer-days are come,
Gladd'nig every heart and home,
I weep for thee.

And when in pray' thou bend'at the knee,
Sister! ah, remember me,
Remember all beyond the sea,
As I do thee.

J. H. J.

THE HENPECKED TAILOR.

In the snug parlour of the Magpie a goodly company were assembled. There was Tickle, the watchmaker; Brown, the grocer; Jones, the blacksmith, and a host of similar worthies; last and least—but not in his own eyes—there was Snip, the tailor, a man valorous and brave, bold and courageous, fearing no man—at least, this was what he said himself.

But if Snip feared not man, there was one woman who held him in utter subjection, and that woman was his wife.

The truth must be told—the tailor was notoriously henpecked. The clock struck eleven. Snip started, and gave an alarmed look around him.

There had been an inquest at the Magpie that day, and the company assembled in the parlor had constituted the jury; the conversation had run on such interesting topics—murders, suicides, and the like—that Snip had forgotten the flight of time, and only awoke to a sense of his miserable situation when the clock struck eleven.

He arose in a great tremor, and remarking that it was getting late, staggered out of the room without perceiving the winks and grins which circulated among his late companions.

When he reached the open air, everything seemed to be performing a revolving dance around Mr. Snip.

The haystack belonging to the landlord had found a partner—for Snip was sure he saw two where only one had been—and executed a whirling galop. The stable, the neighbouring cottages, the inn, all were seized with the dancing mania; even the road appeared to have joined itself into a circle, and to be whirling madly round and round the bewildered tailor.

He gazed awhile at these astonishing phenomena, and then sat down to wait until further order was restored.

"For," he argued, within himself, "until the road returns to its proper position, how am I to find my way home?"

The seat he had dropped upon was a horse-trough, which was half-filled with water, and some say it seemed to be as much under the influence of the dancing goddess—if such there be—as anything else; for Snip felt himself twisted rapidly round two or three times, and then thrown down by his boisterous partner; and Tickle, the watchmaker, coming out of the inn and proceeding homeward, found Smith placidly lying upon his back in the horse-trough, half covered with water, and gazing calmly upon the sky.

This good Samaritan assisted him to rise, and led him home, where he left him to his own devices to obtain admission.

Snip knocked at the door with a trembling hand; he was sober enough now to dread the appearance of his household deity, and to feel sure that his dripping coat would not go far towards propitiating her. No answer to his first summons, so he knocked again. No answer. Again and again he applied his knuckles to the door before he bethought himself of trying whether it was locked or no. He tried. It yielded to his touch, and Snip entered the lone house.

He looked carefully around; no one was visible; and he chuckled at the idea that his wife was absent, and would never know how late he had come in if he went to bed at once.

He had got half-way up-stairs, when a cunning idea entered his head. He would lock his wife out, and would make her humble herself to him before he would allow her to enter. That would be funny!

He turned back, locked the door, giving a drunken laugh as he did so, and then mounted the stairs, still chuckling in the greatest glee. He undressed quickly, and was about to jump into bed, when, dreadful to relate, the avenger, in the form of Mrs. Snip, suddenly appeared from behind the curtain at the other side.

She glared upon the unfortunate little man, and, like the ancient mariner, held him with her eye while she stalked round the bed, and confronted him. Then Snip saw that she brandished in her hand a goose—not the domestic bird of that name, but the instrument which the little tailor was wont to wield manfully while exercising his lawful calling.

As she stood before him, he could not but infer, from that fact that she grasped the goose with an old stocking and held it carefully from her dress, that the goose was heated. At that thought he turned his back and fled. But he had shut the door on entering the room, and as he was stayed for a moment by it, he felt that his inference was correct—the goose was hot.

Snip dashed wildly down-stairs and made straight for the door. Alas! in his exultation, but a few minutes before, he had locked and bolted it.

The avenger came close upon his heels, still bearing the dreadful instrument of torture. With a yell, Snip dashed past her, and flinging up the window, squeezed himself through; but not before receiving another fully convincing proof that the goose was heated.

Clapping his hands on the singed part of his person, he rushed down the village-street, his shirt, the only article of clothing he had on, with the exception of a nightcap with a large tassel at the top, streaming behind, and paused not in his wild career until he reached the Magpie, which he had so lately left. But the house was closed, and even if it had not been, Snip could not have shown himself in his then state of undress.

He seated himself on a bench at the door of the inn, but started up again as quickly as a jack-in-a-box. The application of the goose had made the sitting posture decidedly uncomfortable.

In a wretched state of mind he wended his way to a little green duck-pond, and gazed mournfully at the water, shook his head sadly, and returned to his bench, but contented himself with looking at it this time.

A cold breeze sprang up, and the tailor was airily clad; he felt he must have some shelter, so he made his way to the stables. They were locked, and he was just

about returning to the little pond, when he saw a little covered wagon under a shed behind the stables. He hastened towards this welcome shelter, and climbed into it; and when he found therein a bundle of hay, his happiness was extreme.

He lay down cautiously, intending to keep awake and watch for the opening of the inn, when he would borrow some clothes from the landlord, and then make his way to America, where he would never see his dreadful wife and her goose again.

Musing thus, he fell asleep.

At 5 in the morning, the carrier to whom the wagon belonged harnessed his horse thereto and proceeded on his way, unconscious of the passenger sleeping under the tilt, and most probably would have remained so to the end of the journey, if he had not overtaken a buxom young country lass trudging cheerfully on in the same direction.

Of course, with—as he thought—an empty wagon, his sense of gallantry would not suffer him to allow the young lady to continue walking, so long as their roads lay together. So he pulled up, and civilly offered to give her a lift.

The offer was accepted, and the damsel essayed to mount the vehicle. But no sooner had she reached the iron step behind the wagon than she espied poor Snip in the enjoyment of his bundle of hay.

The girl remained poised on one foot upon the step, and uttered a succession of shrieks.

The very first awoke Snip, and that unfortunate raised himself on his elbow in the greatest perplexity. He took off his nightcap and scratched his head, staring all the while at his discoverer; then as the mists of sleep gradually dispersed, he awoke to the full horror of his situation, and pulling his nightcap over his brow, he made a desperate spring, bolted past the affrighted female, and flew rather than ran in the direction which led to his forsaken home.

As he neared the village, his strength became exhausted; and although he feared each moment to meet some one, he was obliged to moderate his pace. It was now about eight o'clock, and poor Snip knew that he could not hope to reach shelter unseen. So he slackened his pace, but to his horror, saw coming towards him two women. His first impulse was to fly, but on looking round he saw that would be impossible, the road having no outlet. So he crouched down under the hedge, pulled his short garment as far over his protruding limbs as it would reach, drew his nightcap over his head and face, and awaited the event. When they drew near, one remarked to the other that there was something under the hedge; they both came to see what it was, and Snip, fearful of discovery, started off again at full speed. Being blinded and deafened by the cap drawn over his face, he was unaware of the approach of the squire's carriage containing that gentleman, his wife, and sister, until it was close upon him. The squire looked out of the window and laughed immoderately. The ladies indignantly drew down the blind; but Snip in his half-blind endeavours to get out of the way, ran to the other side, where he presented a curious spectacle.

The wind caught his shirt in a most unpleasant manner. He endeavoured to hold it with one hand and to release his head with the other, but did not succeed in effecting either object. Half frantic he rushed forward at his topmost speed, tearing at his hateful nightcap as he went, until at last he succeeded in making a hole to accommodate one eye, and to enable him to see a troop of boys and girls on the way to school. This was a crowning misfortune, for the cruelty of schoolboys is well known.

As Snip neared them, they for a moment were alarmed, thinking it was a ghost or madman. But when they recognized him, what a shout, what a yell of delight burst from each pair of lips!

Snip felt that he could take pleasure in strangling them, every one. But he could not escape.

The boys formed themselves into lines on each side of the way, and forced the tailor to run the gauntlet, pelting him pitilessly with stones and dirt.

Making a last effort, he at length reached the village, and looked in vain for a refuge, until he came to the cooper's yard, where two men were engaged in making or mending a large tub. Snip leaped past the astonished workmen into the tub, in such a complicated, knotted mass, that the men could not extricate him without taking the vessel to pieces.

This he besought them not to do, until they had taken him home; for home seemed very desirable now, although his dreadful wife was there. So the workmen entered into the fun, rolled him off home, followed by

a yelling, shouting, whooping crowd of boys and ragamuffins, and uncased him in his own kitchen. When he was released, he looked upon his wife more in sorrow than in anger, for he felt that his dignity had irretrievably suffered; stalked up-stairs, stiff and weary, and was seen by no one for a month.

At the end of that time he resumed his needle, but never by any chance went outside the door by daylight, and entertained a decided antipathy to the Magpie, and all that reminded him of it. He never was known to enter any person's house but his own, and remained very meek and humble all his life.

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

Few townships in the interior of Victoria are more pleasantly situated than H., on the banks of the Glenelg. Behind the picturesque little settlement rise lofty hills, generally well timbered, while here and there amidst the apparently interminable forests of gum-trees the oak and stringy bark may be seen the quiet homes of the squatter, or the dwellings of smaller settlers dotting hillsides. Below runs the Glenelg—in the winter-season a rapid and dangerous stream, though in summer little more than a chain of water-holes—a circumstance noteworthy because of its connection with this story.

Pleasant evenings have I spent at H., sitting on the veranda of a friend's cottage, covered with the clematis and passion-flower, while the heliotrope, geraniums, and roses of the garden wafted up as evening-incense their delicious perfumes. Gently also up the hillside crept the dim murmurs of the little township; emigrants' children at play, whose loud laugh told that they were brimful of merriment; the hearty shouts of the cricketer (for H. has rather a celebrated club, preparing for a friendly contest with the squatters of the Mallee Scrub) or sometimes the subdued sounds of a few who in a humble schoolroom were singing God's high praises. Scattered along the valley were the few houses composing the township, in the centre of which was an imposing suite of buildings, composing a hotel, a store, the post-office, and suitable outhouses, including extensive stabling for the horses of Cobb's telegraph line of mail-coaches. On the occasion of a recent sojourn at H., I heard the story I am about to tell; it has never yet been given to the public, and yet it well deserves a place among those detective notabilities which of late years have furnished such curious illustrations of the science of crime-discovery. I give it in the words of my informant, at least so far as substantial verity is concerned:

"I am a detective in the Victoria police, and have been one for some years; I was formerly one in Paris, and I was employed as such in the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851. Since then I have been in various parts of the world; in fact there are very few of the force that haven't knocked about the world a good deal. However, at last I have settled in Australia, and hope my roving is ended. I have never had but one crack case intrusted to my care; I have sometimes tracked thieves from the diggings into the interior, and found them boundary-riders on stations; or clerks that did not keep their accounts straight, and found them bullock-driving up-country, but these were small affairs: a pair of bracelets soon settled such; but once I had a matter to find out on the very slightest information received, which required all my skill and all the resources of my long experience. Some four years ago there lived about a mile down the river, beyond the bridge yonder, an oldish man, who was reported to have made somewhere a good 'pile.' He was a thorough hermit; seldom stirred out, except to go to the store and buy a few necessaries, for which he always paid, and never was known to beat down or haggle about the price of anything. This naturally led to the surmise that he had plenty of money. Near him lived another single man in a slab and bark hut; he was a shoemaker by trade, but in a small township like this his customers were but few, and his livelihood precarious. He was known to be as poor as his neighbour was supposed to be rich, and was as much dependent on the forbearance of his creditors as the other was on his ready money. Between these two solitary men, living on the river side, there sprang up a strangely intimate friendship; always after breakfast, often through the day, and regularly at night, they had their pipe together, sometimes with a pannikin of tea only, at others with a glass of grog. There was a dim mystery hanging over the supposed rich man's history; where he had come from, or how he had made his money no one knew, and his churlish ways forbade any one to ask him; he and

the shoemaker were all the world to each other, and beyond that neither seemed to care anything. In this uniform, but curious mode of life, weeks and months passed away; the only difference observable being, that although Stevens, the shoemaker, had no more customers than formerly, he now seemed to have money always at command, and not only paid off his old scores, but had ready money for all he needed.

"One morning, however—it was in the winter-season, and the Glenelg was rolling its turbulent waters, muddy and swift, down to the sea—the old man's hut was not opened; woodsplitters passing by observed that the old hermit was not sunning himself and smoking his 'cutty' as usual, and that night Stevens came running into the township greatly excited, and calling on Mr. T. at the inn, told him that not having seen old Jeffrey all the day, he had forced an entrance into the hut, but that the old man was not there, and what had become of him he did not know. A policeman, for H. is a police-station, was immediately sent to take charge of the hut until the magistrates should make enquiry. Some days after, the inquiry was made, but nothing came of it, further than the suspicion that Jeffrey had met with foul play. Still, nothing was proved, nor could be proved, until the body could be found: for, eccentric as the old man was, who could say he had not got up in the night, and as suddenly started from H., as he had once suddenly made his appearance there?

"As soon as intelligence of this affair reached headquarters at Melbourne, the matter was placed in my hands, with instructions to exercise my own discretion in my proceedings, absolving me from all disgrace if I failed and promising me one hundred pounds if I succeeded. My plans were adopted after much consideration, and I have no reason to regret the steps I took, as will be seen in the sequel. I took the little steamer Western, Captain Lucas, to Portland, 260 miles, and after stopping a day two at Mac's celebrated hotel, I started by the mail for the far interior. After three day's journey I arrived at H., as a 'traveller,' looking for a job of work; I had a tolerably heavy swag, and this with my pannikin and billy gave me all the appearance of a bona fide one. I went straight up to the bar, had my nobbler, lighted my pipe, and then sat down outside to consider my next movement. It was necessary I should have some one in confidence, but I resolved not to trust the local police, as in these remote stations their life of idleness often makes them loafers and gossips. I resolved to call Mr. T., the hotel-keeper and postmaster, aside—he had been an officer in the Army many years—and tell him my errand. I did so—never was secret better kept—and returned as if nothing had occurred. Towards evening, the bar was pretty full, and I took the opportunity of saying publicly to Mr. T. that I was out of work, that I was a groom, that I did not want to go on a station, and should be glad of a chance job. He at once told me to go to his stables and tell his foreman to take me on as an extra stable-hand. I gave Mr. T. my swag to take care of; it contained my uniform, and my authority from headquarters to act as a detective. He understood all, and that was sufficient.

"As groom I remained here seven months; able for a long while to do nothing; but feeling more and more confident that the general suspicion of Stevens was well founded. Of course, I became intimate with him, but only in the evenings when my work was done; in all respects I acted as an ordinary groom, receiving my weekly wages, and carefully avoiding everything that might lead any one to suppose I was anything but a groom. Often have I laughed within myself as a mounted trooper has ridden up, and called me to take his horse, and give him a feed; however, I kept my own counsel, and little by little light dawned upon my track. Over the never-failing pipe I had frequent conversations with Stevens about this old man; on such occasions he would generally fix his eyes upon the ground, which gave me the opportunity to watch him the more narrowly. I could then see the nervous twitchings of his face, the biting of his lip, and the sudden passing of his handkerchief across his brow, which convinced me that he knew more of this affair than I did. Frequently, at the close of our conversations, in which Stevens was making these unconscious self-revelations, would he say—"I hate talking of this dismal subject, let's have another glass." On such occasions he always said—"I'll shout; you are only a groom, I can afford it better than you. Gradually he took to regular drinking; morning, noon, and night he was to be found at the bar. When joked about his finances, he had his answer ready: he had sold a horse, or an old mate had called and given him some cash.

So long, however, as he "shouted" freely, few cared where the money came from. My eyes, however, were steadily fixed on his drinking habits as the clue to my researches. Summer was now coming on; though it was a late summer, it was a regular hot Australian one; and in the course of a few weeks the Glenelg began to dry up, and its long chain of water-holes to appear. Now was the time for ascertaining whether the remains of the old man were to be found in any of the water-holes in the neighbourhood of H., and one evening as I was talking to Stevens about this, I said—"you or I may as well try and find the remains of Jeffrey, and so lay claim to the Government reward." I noticed this gave him quite a turn; and although he tried to conceal it, I saw that he trembled all over, and though generally very mild spoken, he got very angry with me, and told me I might do what I liked, but he wasn't so fond of looking after dead men, especially if they were murdered." I replied—"No one said that Jeffrey was murdered; you have always said he made away with himself." "I thought so once, but now, the more I think over the matter, the more convinced I am that he was murdered." "That has to be proved," said I, "and to prove it we must find the remains, and as the river dries up I have no doubt we shall find them in one of the water-holes near his hut." This was not exactly a guess, but was a conclusion arrived at thus: first, Stevens was a slight-built man, and, supposing him to have been the murderer, could not have carried Jeffrey far; and secondly, every one knows that murderers seldom have nerve or forethought to carry their victims far from the scene of the murder. As soon as I had said this he became very pale, and quickly said—"Well, let's have a nobbler; I can't stand this everlasting talk about a murdered man. We had our glass, and parted for the night; but my mind was ready made up. Stevens, beyond doubt, was the murderer, and I must obtain the proof. I am not going to defend our code of morals. I admit that we often do evil that good may come; but society should not employ us to find out dark crimes if they mean to condemn us for our questionable methods of procedure. It was now late in January, and the weather was intensely hot. It was surprising to see how rapidly the Glenelg ceased to be a river, and how each day the water-holes became shallower and shallower. Prompted by me, Mr. T. obtained from a neighbouring magistrate orders for the police to examine every waterhole within a mile on either side of old Jeffrey's hut. As soon as this was known, Stevens was down at the bar, trying, I suppose, to smother his memory in deep potations of whisky. Directly the police commenced searching the river, I discharged myself, and having obtained my check, proceeded, or pretended, to spend it after the usual up-country fashion, which, as everybody knows, means staying in the bar, and shouting right off the reel. This I did not exactly do; I kept myself as sober as a judge; behind the scenes I prompted everything; through Mr. T. I suggested every step that had hitherto been taken, and now I had only to wait the result of the searching and dragging these water-holes. Those who know the country, know that this is no easy matter, and that it occupies considerable time. Sometimes only two or three could be searched in a day, on others more. Whilst this was going on, Stevens became almost a resident in the bar, seldom leaving it, but betraying the most intense and childish curiosity as to the result of the search. 'Have they found anything?' or, 'Haven't they found anything yet?' or, 'Well, I should have found something by this time,' were expressions that frequently fell from his lips. It was, I think, the fourth day of search, and Stevens had been drinking hard all the time; on the afternoon of that day a sack was found with human remains in it at the bottom of a hole; and on the evening of the same day drink and excitement had rendered Stevens incapable of taking care of himself, and, at my suggestion, he was conveyed to the lock-up, as drunk and disorderly. I never saw such a change in a man as came over Stevens when he found I was locked up with him. The effects of the drink were passing away, owing to the strong mental excitement produced by the discovery of these remains, and no sooner was the lock turned on me, than he clasped me by the hand as 'the groom that had always been so friendly,' and began to cry piteously like a child. His thoughts were running on the murder, and I resolved to use the opportunity. To make this right, I began, 'I say, Stevens, do you know they have found the old man's body. It was in a sack, and the sack was weighted with stones; and one of the stones, they

say, was your lapstone. The skull is broken in two places, so it is plain that he must have been murdered. What made you talk about him in your sleep just now?' 'Did I? what did I say?' 'You said if they would let you off, you would show them where his money was.' (This he had said in his sleep.) Upon this, he gave a convulsive shriek, fell back upon the straw, and exclaimed: 'Yes, I killed old Jeffrey—but don't peach on me; they can only bring me up for being drunk and disorderly, and I'll give you half the money. I say, groom, you won't peach, will you? I will leave these parts. I have had too much whiskey. Let me sleep. I'll tell you everything to-morrow; but don't peach, and I'll make a clean breast of it.' Before the morning broke he had confessed everything to me. I had always been a good fellow, and he didn't mind telling Mr. T.'s groom everything. He had entered the old man's hut at midnight, beat in his skull, put the body in a sack, and fool that he was! put in his own lapstone along with other stones to make it sink, and had hid his money beneath the mud floor of his cottage. The next morning we were both brought before the magistrate of the district, charged as aforesaid. On being asked what I had to say, I handed the magistrate my authority to act as detective, and requested to be placed in the witness-box, as I had a charge of murder to bring against Stevens, who was there on the minor charge. In less time than it takes to tell this, I had left the room, and greatly to the bewilderment of every one, especially of the local police, the well-known groom at H.—was in his uniform, bringing in his charge against Stevens, founded on his own confession, as murdering the old hermit, Jeffrey.

"The sequel is soon told; my evidence hung Stevens, who again and again, previous to his execution, confessed not only this murder, but the murder of a mate in the bush some years back, with whom he was working on a station, making a stake and rail fence."

This was the story Delavan, the detective, told me. When he finished, I looked out upon the night-stillness of the scene below and around me; here and there a solitary light glimmered through the latticed window of a bark hut; now and then a dog set up his dismal howl as he bayed the moon in vain: the night-jar and the little "morepork" whizzed past with their melancholy and almost ominous cries; the river rolled below, and as its rapid waters rushed beneath the bridge, their gurgling sound was fearfully suggestive of the death-cry of a murdered man; above, the deep blue sky was encircling the silent earth as if to proclaim the Eternal tenderness that ever bends over man; the gentle Pleiades and the brilliant-belted Orion looked serenely down from their empyrean heights on the quiet night-scene; while in the south the Cross with its unequal beauty symbolized the deeper, tenderer love of Him, who may have had mercy even on the murderer at the eleventh hour. Everything said:

How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world.

So thinking, I retired to rest, and fell asleep, to dream of this episode in my life-experience, gathered from the true story of an Australian detective.

THE FOUNDLING CHAPEL.

The mention of this institution at once brings to the mind the extraordinary efforts of the founder, Captain Thomas Coram, who, some hundred and thirty years ago—when the frequent destruction, unhappily again prevalent in our own time, of illegitimate children by their mothers, horrified and alarmed society—took the work in hand of providing an asylum for Foundlings which had been often talked of and recommended, but the institution of which was owing to the indomitable energy of the staunch sea-captain, who devoted his whole fortune and nearly twenty years of his life to the carrying out his darling project. In the year 1739 he succeeding in obtaining a Charter appointing a goodly corporation of peers, judges, distinguished lawyers and others, including Coram himself, to carry out his views and administer the affairs of the new institution, which found a local habitation in Hatton Garden in the following year. Four years after, a portion of the present building—the facade of which has been pronounced the ugliest in the world—had been opened, but the Chapel was not commenced until 1747. In April, 1751, this building received the remains of the Founder, which were deposited immediately under the altar. He had attained the age of eighty-four, and, as we have said, had sacrificed his whole fortune, so that

about two years before his death a subscription was opened, and arrangements made which would give him a sum of about £160 annually. The funeral, conducted with great solemnity, took place in the evening, when the chapel was filled with a crowd of notabilities, the St. Paul's Choir performing the burial service, and Dr. Boyce presiding at the organ. This tribute of respect and affection to Captain Coram, was also a solemn inauguration of the building which was afterwards to become celebrated by its connexion with the greatest musician that ever lived, as well as for those musical services in which the children themselves take so conspicuous a part, and which, instituted at a period when no church music worthy of the name was to be heard away from our cathedrals, have not only maintained their interest and *prestige*, but have now reached a degree of excellence unsurpassed—probably unequalled by anything of a similar kind. Though our present concern is with the Chapel and its services, perhaps a few more words may be excused with respect to the Hospital itself. It was originally intended to receive applications for the admission of children, but the provision for Foundlings became so popular that, with Parliamentary authorisation and assistance, the Governors made arrangements for receiving all children—*without inquiry*—under twelve months old, taking care thoroughly to advertise the comprehensiveness of their benevolent intentions. They had soon enough on their hands, for from three to four thousand children were annually deposited at the Hospital during the four years this system lasted. We have no space to go into detail, but after a fearful mortality, and the establishment of a various evils in connection with an organised supply of infants, the Parliament—having incurred a liability of above half a million sterling—abolished their rule of indiscriminate admission, and gradually the establishment has been brought to its present state.

The Institution now maintains some 500 illegitimate children, received after application by their mothers, who must be qualified by previous good character, poverty, desertion by the father, and the prospect of retaining or regaining their position—in other words, of concealing their misfortune from the world. It will be perceived that there is a question of dubious morality involved here, on which, however, we need not linger. The Hospital undertakes the sole charge of the children, who of course, after their abandonment by the mother, have no natural tie whatever; they are for a time sent into the country to nurse, and on their return are educated and cared for in the Institution until they attain the age of fourteen, when they are apprenticed to various trades, or sent out as domestic servants, &c. The musical instruction which the boys receive here in connexion with the Church services, and from the establishment of a band of wind instruments, procures appointments for many of them in regimental bands in various parts of the kingdom. The Hospital always assumes to stand *in loco parentis*, and the well-conducted may receive advice and necessary assistance in any critical part of their future lives.

Ere we return to the immediate subject of our paper we may notice the obligations of the Hospital to Hogarth, who, after Handel, was its greatest benefactor. Many of his finest pictures were painted for and presented by him to this Institution, and still adorn its walls; perhaps the most interesting, the portrait of Captain Coram, in the girls' dining-room.

What alone would suffice to render the Foundling Chapel celebrated is its connection with the immortal Handel, who, in aid of its completion, conducted a concert of his own compositions, including his "Fireworks Music," which produced a considerable sum, in gratitude for which he was enrolled as a governor of the Hospital. Here, too, "*The Messiah*" was performed year after year, the composer himself, even after his blindness, presiding at the organ—his own munificent gift, eleven performances realising about £1000 to the charity; while after Hanmer's death, seven more performances, conducted by his amanuensis Christopher Smith, and eight by John Stanley (the blind organist), brought in above £3000 more. The governors' attempt to monopolize all property in "*The Messiah*" is well known, and they certainly evinced little gratitude for the great obligations they were under to the composer. It was, indeed, proposed that he should be buried in the Chapel, but his own wishes and the public voice demanded a grave in Westminster Abbey.

Some fourteen or fifteen years after this a project was commenced, which, had it not been nipped in the bud, might, perhaps, have prevented the establishment of

that laughing-stock of foreigners—our Tenterden-street Academy. This was the proposal by Dr. Burney to establish a musical school, somewhat similar to the continental "conservatorio," the pupils to be selected from such children in the Hospital as had natural musical gifts. From the high patronage this scheme obtained and its favourable reception by the governors, there seemed a fair prospect of its being carried out; but ultimately, after discussing the matter with great display of metaphysical subtleties, and curious disquisition on the comparative social *status* of the children, &c., it was negatived by the governing body, apparently on the ground that the profession of music was too agreeable and too aristocratic for the poor little foundlings. And yet the weakest and most helpless of these were destined to form the nucleus of the present Chapel choir. Three blind singers and a blind organist, all foundlings, comprised the first regular musical establishment in the Chapel, which was afterwards to engage the highest talent that could be procured, and a place in which was to be sought after and considered as a mark of professional eminence.

It was not long before the Governors, seeing the use that might be made of a musical service in the Chapel, resolved to engage a party of highly cultivated professional singers, and at the same time to have the children taught sufficiently to take part in the music performed—and this arrangement has obtained to the present time, with the exception of a short interval. This occurred during the attempt, some dozen years ago, to do away with the professional ladies engaged, and to assimilate the service as much as possible to that of a cathedral. Accordingly, four men and half a dozen boys were robed in surplices, and the latter (selected from the foundlings) received some extra instructions. But *cucullus non facit monachum*, and the surplices did not create the choir; while the music to which the congregation had been accustomed to became impossible, and what was possible was very indifferently executed. The folks who had been accustomed to the mellifluous vocalisation of Louisa Pyne were by no means contented with the interesting efforts of "little Squeaky;" and the greatest purists, were forced to confess that the surpliced foundling was but a very poor apology for his bonneted and crinolined predecessor. The attempt having given rise to great dissatisfaction was therefore abandoned, not without reluctance on the part of some of the Governors; but though the experiment failed, the result was good: for all the children who sing are now well-grounded in the rudiments of music, and thoroughly practised in the occasionally difficult pieces they have to execute.

Proceeding to the present state of affairs, we may remark that the interior of the Chapel has a very fine effect: it is surrounded by galleries receding from the lower walls, the end opposite the altar being occupied by the organ, on either side of which are ranged the children, forming one of the most impressive and interesting sights possible. Paintings and engravings of this portion of the Chapel are no doubt familiar to many of our readers: a peculiar effect is commonly shown, produced by rays from a yellow skylight being thrown on the gilded front of the organ: but the case of the present instrument has been brought more forward, and though the skylight exists, the effect is gone. It is difficult to look unmoved on this body of boys and girls, cut off as they are from all those ties which form the happiness of other children. Some of the girls are strikingly handsome; in many a sad, in some a playfully mischievous expression shows in the countenance, but almost all appear bright and intelligent. The boys are less remarkable, and they have a generally morose aspect, while an intellectual countenance is the exception. The occupation of the girls in looking after the younger children and other domestic duties may possibly account in some measure for their superior and more kindly appearance. After the children, the most attractive feature is the organ,

which has attained a development unimaginable by the donor of its first predecessor. Handel's original instrument had been from time to time altered and added to, while some kind of partial enharmonic arrangement had been attempted with the usual unsuccessful result; but under the care of Mr. Bishop the organ had been brought to a considerable pitch of excellence, though far behind modern requirements. In the year 1855 the governors determined to have it entirely remodelled and rebuilt, and the task was assigned to Messrs. Bevington, who, in accordance with plans drawn out by the present organist, have produced one of the finest instruments in London. It

contains all that was worth retaining of the previous one, and has sixty stops, with the usual composition pedals and couplers. Some of the solo stops are very fine, but the pedal organ is hardly satisfactory.

In front of the organ, and between the boys and girls, are seated the five professional singers—two ladies, soprano and contralto; and three men alto, tenor, and bass. As occupants of their pew, without going far back, we recall the names of Atkins, Pyne, Hobbs, Lawler, Hawkins, Horncastle, and Robinson; of the Misses Cawse, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Lockey, and Miss Louisa Pync. With these recollections we can hardly assert that the present singers—excellent though they be—surpass all that have gone before them; but the musical proficiency of the children has never been so conspicuous as at present. They chant the Psalms admirably, take part in the "Services" of our best cathedral writers, and in their anthems, as well as in adaptations (not, by the way, always most happy as regards the words) from Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Hummel, Gluck, Himmel, and Spohr; and in these they will take up a point or a difficult lead with a readiness and certainty not often found in the "professional" vocalist.

But seeing that the girls sing the treble, and the boys the alto, and that the choir contains only one tenor and one bass, it is obvious that there must exist a disparity between the parts which no exertion on the part of the singers, or skill of the organist, can conceal; and we would suggest that if, as we are informed, the contributions to the Chapel Funds yield a considerable surplus, a portion of this might be devoted to the engagement of three or four tenors and basses for the chorus. If, indeed, the governors, in addition to this, would also double their present quintet, we think little more could be desired; but the adoption of the former suggestion would remove the weakest point in the present arrangements.

Our visit to the Foundling was on the first Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, when we found "Comfort ye" posted at the door as the anthem to be sung. But though Mr. Sims Reeves was not the tenor to whom the solo was allotted, a severe hoarseness, we presume, or some other ailment incidental, if not peculiar to tenors, caused the substitution of "O thou that tellest," which was assigned to and very tastefully executed by the contralto—if our vision served us, Miss Lascelles; Mozart's accompaniments being capitally played on the organ. The chorus was given with the greatest effect, the precision of the children not being inferior to that of Mr. Costa's Exeter Hall chorus. Indeed, Mr. Costa himself paid the children and their instructor the highest possible compliment, when, not very long ago he wished some of the boys to assist at the Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts, although the governors saw objections which prevented their entertaining his proposal. We were glad to find that the Advent Hymn did not necessarily involve Madan's puerile tune. It is the practice here for the five principal singers to sing one verse of the psalm or hymn without accompaniment, and the effect is certainly very good, when executed as we heard it; for the changing of the anthem seemed to have had a curative effect on the tenor's indisposition. A somewhat florid *Jubilate*, we know not by whom, was very nicely executed, as indeed was all the music; and the whole service reflected the greatest credit on the organist, who, we believe, has the entire musical training of the children, and direction of the Chapel choir. It would be a great advantage if the chaplain could intone his part, as the effect of the versicle being read, and the response sung, is very bad.

It may be well to mention that a contribution is expected on entering from all persons who do not hold seats in the Chapel; and if occasionally One of the Public will stand upon his rights to enter without the gift, he may expect to be referred to the "other door," for the non-contributors, which "other door," if he succeeds in finding it, will assuredly be found to be just closed by the provokingly polite official in attendance.

Concluding our lengthy and discursive sketch, we would recommend such of our readers as may think it more panegyrical than critical, to go and judge for themselves; and we are confident that every one—musical or not—will experience a new and highly-refined pleasure from the first visit to the Foundling Chapel.

THE PURITAN'S LEGACY.

When Moppleton-in-the-Marsh was held by the forces of Charles I. there lived in that pleasant midland-county village Master Jeremiah Hold-fast-to-the-truth Backstop, much respected in the parish. Moppleton-in-the-Marsh, though but a small village with a population of some two thousand souls, was strong and staunch in its devotion to the Parliamentary interest, and Master Backstop was a zealous Puritan, whose visage was the longest and whose discourse was the most platinoidal in the whole straitlaced parish. Christened Jeremiah by parents who apparently had had some intuitive knowledge of the fitness to his character of that unpleasant baptismal, he had suradded, in accordance with the spirit of the times, the cognomen of Hold-fast-to-the-truth. It was not an easy name to sign, for it occupied much space of paper; but in those days people did not write so much as they do now; and as the electric telegraph was not, Master Backstop had no reason to curtail either his name or address. He therefore revelled in full: Master Jeremiah Hold-fast-to-the-truth Backstop, servant of the Lord and Gideon, opposer of Moab and the abominations, erstwhile coppersmith in the village of Moppleton-in-the-Marsh in the parish of Moppleton, in the county of Leicester, faithful to the end. Thus he called himself. The neighbours, with a due regard to the laconic, simply called him Holdfast Backstop.

He was a tall, bald, meagre man of fifty or thereabouts, and he lived with his ward Cicely, his housekeeper Priscilla, and a manservant, half cook half retainer, named Baldwin. The last personage was a necessity in the establishment, for Master Backstop, albeit a Puritan, despised not the good things of this life in the way of eating and drinking, and Baldwin was unrivalled at confection. The neighbours conceded the Puritan's taste in this matter, and in another matter too; for had he not in the person of his ward the prettiest, dearest little maiden that ever wore straight skirts and smooth hair while Cromwell withheld the King?

Yes, Cicely was as pretty a little Puritan as ever played havoc with the Cavalier ranks. Neat, trim, demure in her attire, there was a sparkle of mischief in her eye when it looked from beneath the white cap; and a warm little heart beat under the crossed bands—a heart that thought of more things than meeting-houses. It was too bad, thought some of the younger and profane gossip of Moppleton (male gossip they were, you may be sure), that such a rosebud should be cooped up in the rigorous establishment of Holdfast, the retired coppersmith; it was still worse that he should ever think—as rumours asserted he thought—of taking her to wife. A hideous sacrifice! cried the youthful ones. But the sager gossips were of a different opinion; for a godly man was Master Backstop and a prudent, and the maiden was young and carnal-minded, though well-favoured, and it was good that she be led into right ways and committed to the keeping of a pious husband, even as the maiden Rebecca was delivered over into the hands of Isaac her chosen one. The simile, however, was hardly of the best, seeing that Rebecca loved Isaac, and the little Puritan rather detested her guardian than otherwise.

Now in the course of events it happened that Moppleton was held by the Moabites, otherwise by the royalist troops, who overran that part of the country. It was a period when the fortunes of the King seemed in the ascendant, and the faithful among the Roundheads were much cast down. In the detachment of the Cavalier forces stationed at Moppleton was a young officer named Courtney—Arthur Courtney, son of Sir Marmaduke Courtney of Bradnor Hall, whose ancestral mansion had been pillaged and burnt and himself slain in fight, by the troops of Cromwell. His only son, Arthur, had taken the field and thirsted to avenge his father's death and mother's exile by killing as many close-cropped Puritans as he could conveniently come at. He scorned, detested, abhorred the very name of a Puritan.

But man—especially young man—is an inconsistent animal, and here was this hot-headed young Cavalier already as ardent in love as in war. Moreover—to the dismay of the conscientious be it spoken—he was ardently in love with one of the abhorred race. Not with a Puritan maiden? Even with a Puritan-maiden. He had seen and incontinently fallen in love with Cicely.

And she? Well, I hardly like saying, lest you should think ill of her, which I would by no means have you to do. If she had been altogether mistress of her

heart, perhaps she would have discarded him and bestowed it on some good young man with short hair and slow speech who sang hymns in Moppleton. But the female heart has a tendency to go all wrong mathematically, and defies prescribed paths. You may fix the eclipses of the moon; you may anticipate the changes of the weather; you may even prognosticate the specialties of the next budget—provided you be an astronomer or a Fitzroy or a Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the next move of a woman's heart is not so easy to prophesy. Metaphysicians talk of the Equation of Life. If life be an equation I am inclined to state the female heart as x , the unknown quantity.

So on the whole perhaps Cicely looked favourably on Arthur Courtney, the Cavalier captain.

It was a dark night in Moppleton-in-the-Marsh, and the house of Holdfast Backstop was closely curtained and shuttered, and the heart of Holdfast was sombre, for Moppleton had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. The house of the Puritan stood on the outskirts of Moppleton, and was approached by a lane that rejoiced in the thickest and greasiest mud all the year round. The mud was an institution in Moppleton, and it was at its thickest and clayiest now, as Arthur Courtney stumbled up the dark lane and anathematized the mud, the village, and the Roundhead cause generally.

"Powers be praised," muttered Courtney to himself, after he had smashed his plumed hat against a tree and cannoned thereoff into a particularly dirty ditch, "Powers be praised, the cursed moon is off duty to-night, and no longer pries and pokes about to the confusion of honest lovers. If there is a detestable and abhorrent power in creation, it's a full moon—a parading, pernicious peddling full moon! I cannot in conscience conceive why the overrated jade should be a favourite with the poets; but what do the poets know of lover's assignations? why the moon is a false traitor, who betrays every kiss to the Argus eyes of guardians—a plague on all Puritans! 'Sdeath, what's that?—oh another tree I suppose: cursed be all trees, say I. If there's one thing on earth a soldier should despise and detest, it's a tree."

Here, to the Cavalier's dismay, the supposed tree gave a suppressed snort, and moved off. The Cavalier's hair rose, for the night was so dark he could not see an inch.

"Holy powers defend us from goblins, witchcraft, and all manner of evil," ejaculated Arthur. "This is very horrible." And bash he came again right on the dreaded object, which apparently turned its head; for the Cavalier, putting forth his hands, encountered something which felt woefully like horns.

He was a brave man, but the encounter staggered him, and the perspiration stood on his forehead, for Cavaliers were not devoid of superstition in those days. Again putting out his hands in sheer desperation, he grasped the dreaded object, and a loud bellow was the result. Then the Cavalier's indignation rose.

"A cow!" he exclaimed, "a vile rustic cow! That this should have frightened a soldier! May the devil take all cows!" And bestowing a hearty kick on poor Dolly, he stumbled on his way to the Puritan's dwelling.

Now it was the most curious coincidence in the world that just as the gallant Arthur approached a window of the Puritan's dwelling that window should open to receive him. It was a window on the first floor a little to the right of the porch; and it opened noiselessly, although no light was in the room. It was very curious. Equally so was the fact that although the night was so dark that you couldn't have told a corn-rake from a corn crake, there came a voice from somewhere—a sweet, gentle maidenly voice which said softly.

"Arthur—is it you?"
None other, sweetest Cicely—rarest of maidens that ever was shut up by a rusty, fusty old Roundhead, and kept out of my sight by the most vile, cursed, abominable, infernal night I ever——"

"Oh Arthur, dearest, do not swear so; you will wake my guardian, who hath a sharp ear for oaths," rejoined Cicely.

"May the crop-eared scoundrel be——"

"Arthur! Silence sir, I command!"

The pretty Puritan could be peremptory enough when she liked, and Arthur subsided into muttered ejaculations, as he neared the window and endeavoured to catch a glimpse of the fair Cicely. In this effort he was partially successful: although there was no moon, a few stars managed to creep out of the curtain of darkness, and as the clouds in portion cleared away,

Cicely from her chamber lattice was able to obtain a glance of her brave cavalier in misty outline.

"Cicely," he said, "our troops are in the village, and the king's cause triumphs over the rebels abroad. Everything promises well, and when peace is restored, I shall be a great man perhaps. Who knows? Cicely, why delay longer to share my fortunes? Be mine."

"You know, Arthur, that the obstacles are not of my creating. If consent were all that was necessary, I would not hesitate. You know that?"

"You love me, Cicely?"

"Ah, you ask me that in the dark, so that I may answer yes without blushing?"

"You love me!—you will be mine? Let us fly," urged the cavalier.

"Present and abiding difficulty being the want of wings, your proposal, Sir Arthur, does credit to your heart rather than your judgment," answered Cicely.

"But Cicely, dear, why not consent to an elopement?"

"For the simple reason that doors have locks, locks keys, and my guardian both."

"But," said the Cavalier, "Are you still locked up?"

"Fast as loyalty in the breast of a cavalier, or——"

"Fanaticism and tyranny in a straight-backed Puritan—may the whole cause of Roundheadism be eternally——"

"Arthur! Again!"

"Cicely," said Courtney, seriously, I shall set this house on fire."

"And burn me!"

"No, I shall save you. After destroying the house I shall assassinate old Holdfast."

"And leave me a sorrowing widow. Thanks, sir knight."

"A what?" cried Arthur, agast.

"A widow. Oh Arthur, without joking my guardian presses this odious subject of marriage. He insists that I shall wed him, he keeps me immured here, I see nobody, can ask counsel of none. What can I do?"

"Do!" exclaimed the irritated lover. "Why may all the fiends bear off the atrocious rogue and rebel! Do I why poison him—pistol him—petronel him—plague—pest—perdition pursue Puritans! Hallo!" he cried as an object appeared in front of him and almost ran against him—"what in the name of the avoidable is this?"

"A friend, lieutenant," answered a voice, and the object became defined. It was Gads, the young lieutenant's servant and faithful counsellor in every deed of love or mischief perpetrated in the Royal regiment. A gem of a servant was Gads, a Leporello in his way, and his chief delight next to the winecup was the execution of some daring scheme entrusted to him by his master, with whom he was a favourite; despite the apparent roughness with which Courtney treated him. But vituperation came so easily to that hot-headed young cavalier, who had always some grievance to grumble over, that he frequently expressed his affection by a volley of execrations. With him a gentle oath was a term of endearment.

"Now then varlet and rogue," he began, "thou besotted and insensate wine-bibber, where hast thou been? Answer, villain."

"In your service, master, and after your business," answered Gads demurely.

"My business? I could wager thou hast found my business at the bottom of a cup of sack—eh?"

"Right, sir; there it lay truly."

"I could have sworn it. Why, thou intemperate wineskin, what new pothouse hast thou defiled, and how darest thou, dog, ferret me in the performance of my duties?"

"Why, I came to report, lieutenant."

"Report what, sirrah? The excellence of mine host's October and the redness of thy nose?" rejoined the cavalier sharply.

"Master," answered Gads, "as your faithful attendant I have a right to look after your interests, which at the present moment lie beyond yonder window. Oh, I know all about it, I assure you."

The petulance of the cavalier changed to amusement, as with a smile, he answered, "Well, sir?"

"Well, master, in that house are a maiden, her guardian, a shrivelled and vinegarous housewife, and a trusty fellow who cooks. Master Backstop hath a treasure in his cook Baldwin. I know that!"

A laugh from the fair Cicely encouraged him, and bowing in the direction of the Puritan's lattice, he proceeded.

"Now, fair mistress and lieutenant, this fellow Bald-

win is a boon-companion of the first order; i' faith he's a perfect Trojan in drink; that I soon discovered. So what do I? I meet my trusty man-scuillier (saving his honourable calling) by accident—pure accident of course; I ask him to pledge a bumper to the welfare of Moppleton, whether Puritan or Royalist what care he? My cook accedes—joins me at the Stag's Head, tosses me off his sack rarely, drinks me out of purse and pocket (his master had sent him out to market), and gets as blindly and gloriously drunk as the greatest lord serving under blessed King Charles. When drunk, my cook rolls under the table, leaving me master of the field. What do I do then? I spoil his camp—strip him of his cap and apron, take his clothes and basket, reimburse me my outlay from his well-filled purse, and depart, leaving him quietly locked up in a bed-chamber of the inn, having ordered the host to leave him there till he recover. On the whole it was a successful foray."

"Hast thou robbed him, knave—hast thou despoiled him of the moneys belonging to Cicely's guardian?" said Courtney gravely.

But Cicely only laughed. "Nay, do not scold him; he is welcome to the spoil; besides it is but a Puritan's purse."

Stooping down to the basket he had brought with him, Gads began undoing a bundle. In a short time he had produced a cook's cap, an apron, and an enormous carving-knife attached to a belt. These he rapidly donned and stood before his master a very eligible cook.

"What masquerade is this?" enquired the Cavalier.

"Why Sir, this pretty disguise will gain admittance into Master Holdfast's house, please the powers, for I hear he is even now closeted with his scrivener Master Dockett."

"And then—"

"Why once in, things must take their chance, but I am provided with something more—see." And he from his bundle produced a full uniform—the uniform of a private in the Royalist army. "I don't as yet see the use to which this may be turned, but it may come in for all that. And I've brought something else."

"What more in the name of invention?" asked the amused cavalier.

"A something for the grand assault, should we ever be driven to it. See." And the inventive Gads pointed to the ditch skirting the lane by which the house stood, where lay a ladder! Of all engines offensive and defensive, a ladder!"

The cavalier had it out of its hiding-place, and reared against the window in no time. He was about to rush up too, and there's no knowing but Cicely might have been carried off bodily then and there, so hot-headed was this young man; but Cicely's remonstrance and an urgent nudge from Gads preceded a demonstration from another quarter. The door of the cottage was heard to unbar—the noise of shooting bolts and clanging chains made the cavalier draw his foot from the first spoke of the ladder; and he had hardly drawn back into the shadow of the house, when the door opened and Master Holdfast Backstop and another figure, who appeared to be the scrivener, appeared on the threshold.

(To be continued.)

LA PETITE MAISON.

The "small house" has really been one of the greatest curiosities of Paris for some time past. There is hardly a Parisian who has not gone once to look at the marvel, and, had it been possible, some speculator would long ago have taken the house, turned it into a *café*, and done a roaring trade. But this could not be: the occupant, who is also the landlord, allows no one to enter—that is to say, none of the curious public: with myself he made an exception.

Who in Paris, in France, I might almost say in Europe, does not know the Faubourg St. Honoré, the modern Faubourg St. Germain, where all the people of the new era have settled? The splendid Elysée Napoléon in the centre; farther on, the Russian and English Embassies, huge palaces with extensive courts and gardens; on the other, the new Ministry of the Interior, the ex-Palais Beauséjour; and a little farther on, the renowned Hôtel Castellane—and so on, one magnificent edifice after the other. The balconies are richly gilded; through the plate-glass windows you see costly damask and brocade curtains; in all the court-yards embroidered

lackeys and equipages driving in and out. And then, too, the new Rue de l'Elysée, where each house costs at least a million. The last open ground between the Russian and English embassies was bought a few years back by Pereire, the banker, for two millions, and he built on it a hotel, whose interior is said to be finer than that of the adjoining imperial palace—which I can well believe, for Pereire has certainly more money than the Emperor.

In such a neighbourhood, though it can hardly be believed, is situated the "small house," and even more, it is exactly opposite the chief gate of the Elysée, so that their Majesties' glance must involuntarily fall on it in riding out. But as their Majesties do not live in the Elysée, and the master's eye has not yet been offended by this incomprehensible anomaly, the house has stood there quietly, and will continue to do so, for it has its history. The ground landlords on the right and left made the owner brilliant offers, but to no effect; the small house still stands on the spot where it stood in the last century.

Under the Restoration and the Government of July the small house was forgotten and unnoticed—not surprising, for the Elysée was unoccupied, and so neglected that a part of the side buildings fell down. There were palaces enough in and around Paris, and the favourite palace of Napoleon I. was certainly the last the Bourbons or the Orleans would have liked to occupy. During the Presidency of 1849 and 1850, Prince Louis Napoleon resided there, and performed the coup d'état at it. But this is an old story.

It was just after the coup d'état that the small house began to be talked about. One of the doorkeepers at the Elysée had noticed for some time past a strange and very alarming sight at the opposite house. Whenever the Prince-President rode or drove out the curtains were gently parted at one of the low windows, and a swarthy bearded face became visible, which gazed at his Highness—people were beginning to use the word then. This was daily repeated: whenever the Elysée gates were opened, and the usual roll of the drum was heard, the curtains parted, and behind them always appeared the same swarthy bearded face. The gatekeeper told his comrades, and they repeated it to the footmen, each of course, with his own comments. At length the Intendant heard of it; from him it passed to the Adjutant, and the latter at length imparted it to General Rollin, commandant du Château, very secretly: for that the matter was suspicious and dangerous was self-evident. Who knew what might be going on behind those curtains vis-à-vis? perhaps a conspiracy against the Prince's life, or even an infernal machine? The spot was admirably adapted for such an attempt; no better could be selected in all Paris. The General inquired about the inhabitants of the opposite house, quietly, of course, in order not to arouse any premature suspicion, or alarm the conspirators. But he only learned generalities: on the ground floor there were two small shops, as there are now, a lingerie and a crèmerie; between them the narrow house-door, leading in a long dark passage; the two windows of the single story, small and low; about them a couple of mansardes, still smaller and lower, and that was all. The whole was dirty and decrepit; the No. 86, a large porcelain-plate, white, on a blue ground, was the sole clean and elegant part of the building.

The Prince-President had accidentally heard, too, about his unpleasant neighbour, and his curiosity was aroused. The next time he went out, the ominous face again appeared at the curtain and stared at the Prince. The latter bowed politely (at that day he knew how to salute people as kindly as ever a Prince managed it), the window was dragged open, and a loud "Vive l'Empereur!" was shouted. Only think; Scarce two months after the coup d'état, which consolidated the Republic again, and when the Mairie of St. Cloud had just been degraded for having begun his official proclamations with those prohibited words.

So then a loud "Vive l'Empereur!" and the next moment the man with the fearful face—which, however, did not look so terrible—was at the carriage-door, and kissing the Prince's boots, coat, and hands—in short, everything he could clutch. They tried to restrain him, but he pushed them aside, and cried to the Prince: "Enfin, Sire, vous voilà de retour. Ca a été bien long!" and then burst into tears. The Prince was affected, and offered the old man his hand, who stood as if glorified, and gave all sorts of unconnected answers to the questions asked him. When he grew calmer, he told what he had on his heart. He was seventy-two years of age, a veteran of the First Em-

pire, served in Egypt, fought in twenty battles, and, what was the chief thing, was a personal friend of the Mameluke Rustan. Rustan! Among the prince's suite was one who remembered that Rustan had really once lived in the small house which the Emperor gave him. "Quite right," the old man answered, "we lived there together and he died there, too. Everything is the same up-stairs as it used to be." The Prince President had already got out of the carriage and prepared to enter the house: his officers followed him. Up-stairs are two small rooms one of which, Rustan's former apartment, is a sort of museum. On the walls are the various uniforms and arms of the Mamelukes, and numerous other trifles from the campaign, among them the flask from which General Bonaparte drank in Egypt. In the centre is a species of altar, with the Emperor's bust; on a small velvet cushion the cross of the Legion, fastened to a faded red ribbon. Everything clean and cleverly looked after, however. In the side room there is a field-bed, with a table and chair; on the wall an old hussar uniform from the First Empire, the shako with the bright yellow plume eighteen inches high, and so on.

The Prince-President examined everything, and asked for explanations. The details in the old man's story were excessively comical, and aroused general merriment. Thus he had inhabited the small house for upwards of thirty years without any title, for he simply inherited it from Rustan, who said to him: "When I am dead, do you keep the house, they will leave you in it, only tell them that the Emperor gave it to us." Strange to say, the municipality of Paris, though usually so punctilious, left the old man at peace, recognised him as propriétaire, and taxed him accordingly. No one is happier in the whole affair than the two shopkeepers, who, in the second generation, pay the same rents as in 1828, fifteen hundred francs, although rents in Paris, and especially in this aristocratic quarter, have gone up sixfold. But the old man is contented with little, as his wants are small, and his tenants treat him like a father.

The Prince-President asked him, however, whether he wanted anything, and what he could do for him. The old man, who continually confounded the Prince with the First Emperor, and would not understand that he was the nephew—for l'Empereur ne meurt pas—had no wish but that he might be left at peace at his window, and not have a policeman at his heels when he took his morning walk, in the Champ Elysées, as General Rollin had unwisely ordered. At length however, something occurred to him: "Sire," he said, for he never addressed the Prince otherwise, "I am sure you keep a better table than I do; and wine, too, has been so bad and dear lately, if you now and then—" the Prince did not allow him to finish, but promised him a dish and a bottle of wine daily. This promise was strictly kept, and so long as the Prince occupied the Elysée, a lackey could be seen daily crossing the road with various dishes and bottles, "de la fait de son altesse," as the footman always said—"de sa majesté," as the old man always angrily corrected him. But as he drank but little, he often invited a couple of wooden legs from the Invalides, his friends from Wagram or Jena, and the greybeards tooted and sang in the little up-stairs room, as they did in the bivouac on the eve of a battle, when the Emperor silently passed them, and bade them not disturb themselves on his account. But this always took place in the old man's own room, not in the one where Rustan died, through respect for the relics. The guests only went there when they broke up, and looked piously at the different things; if a tear happened to rise in the eye of one of them, the host would say, half angrily, half frankly: "Bête, pourquoi pleures-tu? puisqu'il est de retour." This was ever the great refrain, as in the case with all Invalides of the first empire.

When the prince quitted the Elysée, and as Emperor occupied the Tuilleries, he at once remembered his old neighbour, and sent for him to tell him that he should send him his dinner as before. "Je vous le disais bien, Sire," was the old man's loquacious answer; "que l'Empereur n'était pas mort." In the following years he was frequently seen walking in the Tuilleries garden, always under the Emperor's window, which he saluted, to the annoyance of many too zealous lackeys; but he was not interfered with, as he was known. Afterward, I saw him several times behind his curtains in the Faubourg St. Honoré, but he looked unhappy, and had grown very old. The small house, however, still remains as of yore on the old spot.

KATE LATIMER.

In the upper part of the village of Chaveley, high on the hillside, a pretty but gray stone building rears itself into sight. It occupies rather an exposed situation, though, from its southerly aspect, and the high ground at the back, it is well sheltered from the north-east wind. The house, though not a pretentious one, is far superior in its character to the rest of the village, and is noticeable also for the extreme picturesqueness of its situation. Indeed, by many persons it is asserted that the view from the hill above is one of the most striking in the kingdom; and, in truth, in that species of beauty which in landscape-scenery approaches to grandeur, nothing could be finer, the parts of which it is composed being combined with a felicity that but rarely occurs in nature.

The view from the house, though, from its lesser elevation, slightly inferior, is yet extensive and striking; the Chaveley Hills, with their rugged peaks and yawning chasms, forming a bold and picturesque background.

The prevailing character of the scene would have been altogether wild and rugged, but for the valley, which is clothed with verdure, and the more distant hills, which are softened and rounded by distance, and tinted with purple by the mists.

The most important object in the landscape is Chaveley Torr, a huge rocky peak, ending in an almost perpendicular precipice. It forms a part of the chain of hills which bound the valley on the north, and which take a bend a little to the eastward of the village. The lower part rises gradually, and is covered with foliage; but the upper part presents a broad, bold front of gray limestone, having from the regularity of the strata of which it is composed, the appearance of masonry. The summit is rather more than four hundred feet above its base, or about forty feet higher than the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral. Loftily as it is, the ascent is by no means difficult, and a ramble to its summit is one of the most delightful enjoyments of Chaveley.

In a little morning room, conspicuous for its comfort and elegance, were seated two ladies, the one a matronly beauty of about eight and twenty years of age, and the other some seven years younger. Kate Latimer, the younger one, bore a most striking resemblance to her sister, Mrs. Garstone. They had the same regular correctness of profile, the same dark-brown hair; the same clear hazel eyes, and the same warm clearness of complexion, a remarkable similarity in the shape and pose of the two heads, and except that the somewhat stern regularity of Mrs. Garstone's features was softened by more feminine delicacy and a pensive melancholy in those of her sister Kate, there was no difference but such as their ages would necessarily produce.

Beautiful as was the younger sister, her attitude was one of such profound abstraction, and her whole manner so full of lassitude and weariness, that, lovely as she was, she was more an object for compassion than envy.

Indeed her story was a sad one; and, though the theme be the old one of woman's constancy and man's fickleness and falsehood, we must just glance at it.

Kate Latimer, when she was eighteen, met, at the house of a common friend, a Mr. Faulkner. His attention to Kate soon became a matter of notoriety, and her attachment to him was equally evident. In short, everything that love the most devoted could look, or do—everything but the declaration in words—everything but the irrevocable sentence which would bind him to her—everything that would bind her to him, and yet leave him, as far as an express declaration of his passion went, free, was said, and looked, and done. Yes; the poor trusting girl, judging him by herself, with a faith serene and unhesitating, gave him her heart; and he, after about twelve months' dangling, quitted her without a word.

It was a cruel, a trying position for a young and ardent girl; for her love was given and could not be recalled. At first, she could not believe that the man she so idolized had really proved false; she could not believe that Edward Faulkner was a heartless deceiver—she could not bring her mind to contemplate him as so base; she could not, by any course of reasoning, think those looks and tones, those acts of tenderness, those apparently involuntary bursts of feeling, those innumerable tokens of affection which speak so forcibly to a woman's heart, could have been assumed, or have had no meaning—or that her love, so artfully won, was to be thrown aside as a thing of naught. Yet he was gone, and no word spoken.

Her natural modesty and reservedness had kept her from any outward demonstration of her love; but it was all the more strong and tender from the secrecy with which it had been cherished. In truth, never did woman love with more tenderness, more delicacy, or more devotion, than this poor, single-hearted girl; and, even now, had Faulkner's happiness been staked against hers, she would have made no scruple to have sacrificed hers to have purchased his. This is no idle platitude—no mere figure introduced for the sake of effect; for with such a depth of tenderness was her mind imbued, that her whole soul was occupied by it. Her love for this man, even though he had forsaken her, was so great that she was incapable of any other thought.

It was not so much the fact of his desertion—of her love not being returned—as the uncertainty if she had a right to think she ever possessed it; it was the cruel thought that she had given her love unsought, that pressed upon her mind.

At first his conduct appeared so black, and his character, stripped of all those attributes of truth and honor which had won her heart, so despicable, that she fancied that she could bring herself to forget him. While these thoughts lasted, she behaved with spirit; nor did she, by an altered demeanour, betray the inner struggle which enabled her to appear so calm.

But this calm was a treacherous one, and did not last. Not long after this, there was a strange alteration in her behaviour; she shunned all society, and grew intractable and abstracted, wandering out incessantly alone, and often regardless of the weather. Her health too, began to fail, and her friends grew alarmed.

It is very singular that, while at the first symptoms of physical disease we send for a physician, consult the man best acquainted with the special disorder, and follow implicitly his directions, in mental disorders, where medical treatment is of the highest importance, and is serviceable almost in proportion as it is early, where time lost is never to be recovered, we do quite the opposite. We do not send for the doctor at once—we, as it were, ignore the malady; the idea of having a relative pronounced insane is, to our minds, almost as bad as a sentence of transportation for a felony. So this dreaded and mysterious disease is left to work its own devices, to increase and cumulate till some outbreak, it may be some fatal excess, discovers the secret to the world. Then the remedies are applied, but a cure cannot be affected; the time has passed—it is too late.

It is asserted, on the best authority, that if insanity were, as other diseases are, treated at its first stage, nine out of ten persons who are attacked would recover; as it is, we fear, the proportions are very nearly reversed.

Kate and her sister were orphans, and the elder sister, having married well, had taken Kate to reside with her. Mrs. Garstone had two children—an infant of eighteen months, and a boy between four and five years old; and as the poor child grew more and more fond of her little nephew. Her only solace appeared to be attending to and caressing him.

Anxious to do all he could to divert Kate's attention from her sorrow, Mr. Garstone, who was a good-natured man, took a house in town for the season, hoping that the change would be beneficial; but nothing seemed to rouse her.

Previous to leaving London, Mrs. Garstone consulted a celebrated physician, who at once pronounced Kate's malady to be mental.

Mrs. Garstone turned very white; for though she had anticipated this, the reality so shocked her that she failed to realise it.

"What is it you advise, Doctor?" she asked.

"An entire change. She must leave you for a time, and undergo a proper course of treatment."

"In an asylum?"

"Exactly; perfect and entire separation from old associations and from all that can remind her of her sorrow, is what I suggest—positive disease has only just set in, it may subside quickly, or terminate in brain-fever or madness."

"I cannot consent to such a step, Doctor," said Mrs. Garstone. "I will not have the stigma of insanity placed upon my sister when she does not require it. You say that it may subside as quickly as it has arisen, and I am convinced that such severe measures would be of no service—we will, at least, try what repose and rest will do first."

"Repose and rest, I am sorry to say, madam," replied the physician, "are just what your sister does not want; she wants the tonics of separation and novelty

—you want to make her forget, not to brood over the past; you want to gladden the present, and supply her with hope for the future. You, out of mistaken kindness, would cherish her malady; we should attack, surprise, and I hope, dislodge it."

"Thank you very much for your advice," said Mrs. Garstone, "but do not urge me on this point."

"I will say no more," was the doctor's reply; "but, believe me, I should not have prescribed it had I not seen the sad, but imperative necessity for it."

With a few directions as to diet, the doctor wrote a prescription, and she departed.

Shortly after this Mr. Garstone left London with his wife and family, and as bracing air had been recommended for Kate, took up his abode in the village of Chaveley.

At first the novelty of the situation and the beauty of the scenery aroused her, and Kate appeared better; but as the autumn progressed all this wore off, and her old despondency returned. The cheerless gloom and stillness of the naked hills, the absence of all company, the want of occupation or purpose in her life, had an unwonted effect on poor Kate's spirits. One thought only occupied her mind, and upon that she brooded night and day—had Edward Faulkner ever loved her, and would he return? It was in vain she tried to banish his image from her mind, she could not, for it seemed indelibly fixed there. She struggled with her morbid fancy, at first, bravely, then day by day more faintly, till at last her mind was filled by black despondency, and the dire disease, like an incubus, settled down upon her.

Outwardly it was not visible, nor in her conversation was it discernible, except at times. She always had an unusually felicitous flow of words; but all her ideas now took a slightly exaggerated form and there was a partial want of coherency of thought. She was often absent and wandered from one subject to another, sometimes stopping short, and ending suddenly with a flood of tears. But there was nothing demonstrative, nothing wild or dangerous, in her manner—nothing in fact, that a stranger would have noticed.

It was very terrible to the poor sister to see all this—to see that a settled melancholy had taken the place of her sister's hitherto joyous nature. But as the poor girl was now so tractable and harmless, Mrs. Garstone could not bring herself to consent to her being removed to an asylum.

One cause which superinduced this extreme dislike to having her sister properly treated was, that if put under restraint she would be separated from her little nephew, upon whom she now lavished the whole of the strong tide of her affections.

Mrs. Garstone and Kate had been sitting for some time in that pleasant morning-room, where we discovered them when our tale opened. The windows were opened, for the spring was just verging into summer, and the distant landscape was bathed in sunshine. The children were playing on the lawn; and they, with an old spaniel, who, though he was being pulled and dragged about in a most unceremonious manner, never resented it, formed a pretty family-picture.

Presently, luncheon was brought in by a maid, and the children carried off to their dinners. A little time after this, the boy returned, and Kate intimated that she should take a walk, and Frank clamoured to go with her; and accordingly he was prepared to accompany her.

"I would not go up to the Torr if I were you, Kate," said Mrs. Garstone; "I do not think it's safe for Frank."

"No harm shall come to him while I'm with him," answered Kate.

"Well, if you will go, don't go by Morton's Crag. I have an instinctive horror of that place—I never pass it without a shudder."

Kate only laughed, and the boy being now ready, they started for the Torr.

Mrs. Garstone was very fond of her son and heir, and watched the receding figure of the child, as he trotted by his aunt's side, with a feeling of pride.

The two were soon lost to view; for Kate descended swiftly into a gentle hollow, and, after crossing a stile, they were concealed by a copse of stunted birch and elder trees. Still Mrs. Garstone stood looking wistfully at the spot where they disappeared. She had a vague sensation of coming evil, and finally went back to her work half dissatisfied with herself, and yet she could not say why.

She sat there working for some time—more than half

an hour, perhaps—when, on looking up at the Torr, she fancied she could see her sister and child about half-way up the rugged pathway, and not far from the most dangerous part, known as Morton's Crag.

Presently, as she sat, there arose terrible shrieks, echoed wildly among the rocks and dells. She rose and went out upon the lawn, and looked up. There, on the very verge of the precipice, stood Kate.

There was no mistaking that figure, which stood out so boldly against the blue sky.

Yes, there was Kate; but where was the child?

Kate was standing so close to the precipice, that Mrs. Garstone shuddered to look at her. It was a moment of intense horror; for, to her excited fancy, the girl seemed as though she was poisoning herself for a spring. Suddenly she turned, and descended the hill quickly; but there was no child with her.

The poor mother stood for a moment as one stricken with paralysis, pale as despair, rigid as death. Her boy—what had become of him?

Now from the valley, came the murmur of many voices, at first confused and indistinct, then, increasing in volume, grew louder and more definite, as though a crowd of men and women were in some great terror and distress.

Kate, meanwhile, was descending the Torr rapidly. On she came, tossing her arms about wildly, never relaxing her pace till she pushed aside the gate and entered the shrubbery.

"Kate," exclaimed Mrs. Garstone, "what is the matter? Where is the child?"

The poor girl did not, for a moment, seem to understand, but gazed at her sister vacantly. Then suddenly she brightened.

"O, the child!" she exclaimed. "Poor darling! he's gone home. We must all go home, you know, Alice; and it is best to go young, before you have any trouble before you have committed any sin."

"Gone home!" cried the mother, almost frantically. "What can you mean, Kate? Where has he gone to?"

"To Heaven!" replied Kate, solemnly.

It all flashed upon the poor mother in an instant; and had the earth suddenly parted at her feet and displayed a yawning abyss, into which she was to be plunged, the horror of the moment could not have been surpassed.

And Kate, how looked she? She stood erect, her face was pale—a deadly pallor overspread it—but it was not from fear, for a settled calmness and a gleam of joyous exultation was written on her countenance; her hair was pushed back from her beautiful forehead, and a blaze, as of lightning, shot from her eyes, and, as her sister quailed under her glance, she broke out into a prolonged peal of laughter.

Meanwhile, the village of Chaveley was all astir.

Half an hour previous to the scene we have just described, some of the villagers had seen two figures on the topmost heights of the Torr. They were those of a woman and a child. The woman was gesticulating wildly, and the child was recoiling in terror.

Suddenly, as if impelled by some inscrutable agency, the woman seized the child, held it for a moment high in the air, and then dropped it over the precipice.

The villagers stood appalled, as if stricken with palsy. The child uttered no cry, but a shriek of horror rang through the valley.

The form of the child fell rapidly for about twenty feet, and then its descent was checked for a moment by its dress catching in a shrub, which jutted out from the rock. It was uprooted by the child's weight, but the violence of his descent was materially arrested, and he fell stunned, maimed, and bleeding among some bushes which grew upon a ledge, about fifty feet from the crown of the Torr.

Among the lookers on stood Arthur Garstone. A groan of anguish had escaped from him as he recognized Kate, who was still standing on the very verge of the precipice; but, now, with his mind filled with despair, he threw off his coat and commenced to climb up among the stunted brushwood at the base of the Torr.

"Surely," the villagers thought, "he is never going to attempt to climb that precipice."

But the father saw not the danger—he thought of nothing but his boy.

On he went through the tangled brushwood, clinging to the knotted shrubs, and drawing himself up by their roots. At last he reached the end of the sloping base, and gazed upward.

The villagers watched him with awe and admiration, as he seized a jutting crag, and, pulling himself up on to a ledge, commenced the most perilous part of his ascent.

From below, the rocks looked upright and as smooth as a wall; yet, on a closer inspection, there were inequalities, niches, and ledges, upon which a fearless climber might rest; and the poor father, thinking of nothing but recovering the body of his child, dead or alive, with a prayer on his lips, stopped not to think of the danger, but, trusting to his feet and hands, sprang from crag to crag, till at last, faint with exertion, he halted to take breath. He now, for the first time, cast a look beneath him.

The glance lasted only for a moment, but that was enough, and he clung, with a convulsive shudder, to the rock. He was faint with exertion, and trembled at the sudden glance he caught of the abyss below him. It was a moment of such peril as one does not meet with more than once in a lifetime; and had his heart failed him, instant destruction would have followed. There was no retracing his steps; it was impossible to descend; for though he could look upward, and place his feet in safety in his ascent, he could not gaze below him for an instant without giddiness.

The minutes which had passed seemed like years to the spectators in the valley, each one holding his breath, and expecting every instant that the dreaded catastrophe, which all thought was inevitable, would take place. But the intrepid climber's trust was in a higher Power, and the thought that he was in the hands of Him without whose permission not a sparrow falls to the ground, gave him strength and courage.

Again the poor father commences his upward path. How carefully he uses his waning strength—how anxiously he selects the safest spots, resting at every available ridge! Twenty feet more and he will reach the broad ledge, upon which lies the unconscious form of his child. How every motion is watched from below—the spectators stand awe-struck and motionless as he advances slowly, foot by foot.

But these people in the valley are not the only spectators of the father's peril, for upon her lawn stands Mrs. Garstone. She utters no words, though she recognises her husband, but lifts her heart in silent prayer to Heaven. Her brain reels, and her eyes are starting from their sockets; for hope is dying in her heart as she sees him falter and cling to the rock. His foot gives way—he is reeling, trembling—in another instant he will be in eternity. An involuntary groan issues from her lips as she closes her eyes, and commends his soul to Heaven. A moment later, she hears a shout. There! Hark! what is that? It is a shout of joy—he has reached the goal—and, as she opens her eyes, she sees him sink exhausted upon the ledge. Thus far he is safe.

"Heaven's mercies are over us all!" she exclaimed.

Meantime, the villagers had not been idle; for see now, the high peak of the Torr is thronged with men, with ropes ready to assist him. In an instant the child is in the father's arms, and his hand is at his pulse. A cry of joy swells the air as he feels it vibrate under his touch.

"He lives! he lives!"

Quick as thought, the noosed rope is under his arms, and he is again dangling over the abyss; and in another instant they are both rapidly landed on the top.

How those sturdy fellows on the peak leaped and shouted; how the women in the valley wept, and laughed, and danced for very joy!

By the time the father and child reached home, a surgeon had arrived. He soon restored the child to consciousness, and examined his hurts.

"Don't alarm yourself," he said, to the poor anxious mother; "there is nothing seriously the matter. His arm is broken, but we can soon put that to rights."

In a short time the child recovered his health and strength; but though poor Kate was placed under the care of a skilful physician, she never perfectly recovered her senses.

No; the remedies came too late!

In the end, I fear, it was Mrs. Garstone who suffered most, for she felt that the chief blame rested with her. Her repugnance to a separation from her sister had nearly cost her the life of her child, and had undoubtedly caused that sister to become a helpless imbecile for life.

VIVE LEG-ALITÉ.

One-legged Donato's proved a prop, or a
Stay to drooping English Opera;
So used-up Cockneys find it properer
To call the age the English Hop-era.

The Country House.

BOUDOIR.

The Hartlepool magistrates have fined Mr. Waugh, shipbuilder, for setting his chimney on fire. Mr. Waugh and his wife had quarrelled respecting the crinoline worn by the latter, and the enraged husband placed the crinoline on the fire and poured paraffin upon it. This set the chimney on fire. In a matrimonial sense Mr. Waugh appears to deserve the essentially conjugal designation of "a brute." His conduct, however, is not so bad as that of the son of an eastern king, related by William Knighton, in his book, "Elihu Jan's Story." The lady on this occasion did not patronise crinoline, but wore a nose-ring—scarcely, perhaps, so effective as an article of decoration, but there is no accounting for tastes. Her husband (he was scarcely married to her, for the ceremony was hardly completed) was one of the king's sons, who was afterwards killed in the streets of Lucknow during the mutiny. He was little better than a fool, and offended his father so much by his wild, silly behaviour, that he was usually under confinement. He was betrothed and married, however, according to custom, and the girl chosen for him was a nice, quiet, modest, well-looking bride, the daughter of one of the inferior officers of the court. Everything went on as usual until the muslin sheet was thrown over them, and the mirror placed for him to see her face. When this was done, the band playing without in the courtyard, all the assembled company was startled by a piercing shriek from the bride, who fell down insensible, having fainted from pain and terror. The madman had torn her nose-ring off, and bit her severely, whilst they were concealed from view by the sheet. She was rescued by her friends, was happily not compelled to live with him, but lived and died a virgin widow.

The Parisian ladies dye their lap-dogs, so as to match the colors of their dresses. A dyed dog is a novelty; a killed one is far less strange.

LIBRARY.

The following is an extract from the great book of the day—Napoleon's "Life of Caesar":—The state of Rome at this time greatly resembles that of England before the Reform bill. For many centuries the English constitution had been vaunted as the palladium of liberty, although in England, as in Rome, birth and fortune were the only sources of honour and power. In both countries an aristocracy was mistress of the elections, whether by means of bribery and intrigue, or by rotten boroughs; and the aristocracy named the patricians in Rome, and in England filled the parliament with members of the nobility, and no man was a citizen unless with a high property qualification. Nevertheless, although the people had no part in the direction of public affairs, it was not without reason that in 1789 the liberty of England, which stood out in such bold relief from among the silent continental States, was greatly admired. The disinterested observer will not inquire whether the arena in which great political questions are discussed be more or less vast, nor whether the actors are more or less numerous; he is only struck with the grandeur of the spectacle. We are therefore far from blaming the nobility either of Rome or England for having maintained their preponderance as long as they could by all the means which law or custom enabled them to use. Power rightly remained in the hand of the patricians as long as they were worthy of it, and it must be admitted that but for their perseverance in one line of policy, but for their large views, and that severe and inflexible virtue which is the distinguishing characteristic of an aristocracy, the work of Roman civilisation would not have been accomplished." The imperial author explains the rapidity with which the Romans conquered Italy by showing how they established a state of things preferable to the pre-existing one, and concludes his observations on the subject with this maxim, "Nothing is ever finally destroyed unless something better is put in its place."

Mr. G. A. Sala has reprinted the letters which he furnished the *Daily Telegraph* as its American correspondent, under the title of *My Diary in America*, and these read as well (if not better) in this shape as they did in the columns of the diurnal. Mr. Sala, everybody knows, has an eye for the picturesque and a pen for the humorous; and, however his views may contravene those of the wishers of ill-luck to the South, even they will confess he makes out a good case for his friends, and is by no means insensible to the wrong side of their character. The negro race, Mr. Sala thinks, as

do the anthropologists, to be by nature morally and physically inferior to the white, and although he nowhere appears as the advocate of slavery—an abomination which, we take it, is doomed—he is wholly insensible to the argument of the straight-haired gents who assert that darky is in every respect the equal and peer of the "white face." Some capital illustrations of negro character which he supplies lend cogency to his denunciation of abolitionist fanaticism, and show that, hateful as slavery undoubtedly is, the emancipation of the slave must be in America, as it was with us, the work of time. He tells a good story of a negress in a certain delicate state of health, whose mistress gave her money to purchase baby-linen, who laid the whole of the sum out in the purchase of a smart silk umbrella. Another story must be given in his own words: "I have been told of an 'intelligent contraband' who, escaping from Dixie into the land of Abraham, was pressed by a white patriot to enter into the military service of the North, but manifested an unaccountable reluctance to shoulder a musket. 'Why don't you enlist, Ginger?' asked the white patriot. 'Wal, mas'r,' replied the contraband, 'did never see two dogs fightin' for a bone?' 'Certainly, Ginger,' 'Wal, did never see de bone fight?' 'Not I.' 'Wal, mas'r, you're both a-fightin', and Ginger's de bone, an' he's not gwine to fight in this hyar difficultmunt.' But it is not a mere joking, though it certainly is a lively book we have been noticing. Mr. Sala, in spite of his fun and humour, is a large-hearted, thoughtful man, and his opinions deserve serious attention, especially at present. We had marked many passages for quotation, but our space bids us forbear.

BREAKFAST-ROOM.

An addition to the ordinary breakfast-service of the nineteenth century is promised in the shape of Moustache coffee-cups. A moustache is an ornament to the human face divine, under ordinary circumstances, but when it is drenched in a cup of smoking coffee, or emerges dripping from the cream, as Venus rose from the sea, the wearer of it is placed in an embarrassing position. Moustache coffee-cups obviate the difficulty. These cups have a portion of the top covered with a bridge, in which there is an opening whence the beverage finds its way down the throat of the drinker without soiling his hirsute appendage. A very mysterious-looking spoon effects the same object. When soup is taken, unless the eater thereof is dexterous, and "understands his business," he is apt to present a very undesirable addition to a small but select dinner party. Hence this spoon. The bridge over the centre prevents the disagreeable results alluded to, and supports the moustache in its passage over the savoury flood. The bridge may be made permanent or removable, and can be attached in a few minutes, and by any common mechanical device.

The following absurd story may or may not affect the author of many sweet and heroic idylls, but the *Court Circular* is responsible for the story. Mind, we do not assert that it refers to Mr. Tennyson. We give it in the narrator's words:—I was in Paris in the spring of 18—. The gay city was at its gayest. I had been living in a whirl of balls, operas, dinners. On the afternoon of which I am writing, I was suffering from a severe attack of fatigue and remorse. A letter from Emily that morning had roused me to the contemplation of the fact of what a simply selfish, pleasure-seeking mortal I had been. Her last letter lay still unanswered in my desk, and, except that I had made a few false starts on sundry sheets of paper, not a line had I written for a week. So I resolved resisting all external temptation, to spend the evening in my own room, and devote it to answering those eight crossed sheets of roseate paper. I would throw myself on her generosity, her tenderness, that inexhaustible woman-fund on which men draw so recklessly, seldom vainly. I would tell her a sincere truth too—that I was weary of gaiety; that I longed for the reality of her sweet presence, and promising entire amendment for the future; ask to be forgiven. I shut my door, took out my desk, made myself comfortable, and proceeded to look over that tender, gentle, loving letter. One paragraph I will give the reader, not, however, because it pleased me especially—women have strange fancies with their hero-worships, in which men can scarcely be expected to participate, and I did not particularly desire that Emily should have any hero but myself:—"I hear," she wrote, "that the Poet Laureate is in Paris; perhaps you are even staying in the same hotel. Oh, Edward, in such a case how I should envy you. I wonder whether if I saw him he

would realise my ideal of a poet: probably not. Once when I was very young, I saw Tom Moore, and was rather disappointed, but if you do come across the Laureate, will you, dearest, try to get me a scrap of his writing for my autograph album."

"Nonsense," I muttered; "as if poets were different from other men," and I threw down the letter in a huff, lighted a cigar, and rang the bell for a bottle of seltzer-water. As I rang, I heard in the next room to mine a quick step, an impatient shake or attempt to move a fastened door, and then a bell rang sharply. The waiter put the seltzer-water on the table with a start, and exclaimed:—

"Mon Dieu, c'est lui?"
"What's the matter?"
"Mon Dieu, il désire sortir!"
"He wants to go out; well, why should he not go out if he wishes to do so?"

"Monsieur, he is a compatriot of Monsieur, but—and here the waiter touched his head with a melancholy shake.

"Mad, eh?" I asked.

"Oui, Monsieur!"

"At that instant, the bell of the next room rang again furiously.

"What shall I do?" asked the waiter, "his brother say to me, he no go out, no laissez pas sortir ce fou, dit Monsieur."

Again the bell rang, and this time was followed by a well-applied kick at the door, and a man's voice, whose tones were not measured or his words mild, but the pith of whose appeal was a request to have the door opened. The waiter wrung his hands. "I did it for the best," he said; "no laissez pas sortir ce fou, disait Monsieur le frère. I crept up stairs, and locked the door."

"You had better go and speak to him," I suggested.
"Monsieur, what shall I say?"

"Perhaps it would be prudent to let him out, before he breaks out."

"Oh, Monsieur!"

"Waiter," called the prisoner, "will you open the door?"

"Monsieur, it is locked."

"I know that! How came it locked? Use force if necessary, but open it this instant. It is past eight, and I am engaged to dine with the Ambassador at half-past."

The waiter looked at me, and I looked at the waiter.

"Humour him," I whispered; "say some one has locked the door by mistake and gone out with the key."

This piece of information however, which the garçon duly imparted, did not soothe the irritation of the gentleman who was engaged to dine with the Ambassador; he let fly in answer a volley of violence, that made matters no easier, and applied his foot, and finally the poker, to the door, with a good will that made the waiter and the landlord shudder in their shoes, lest the lock should yield.

"Is there an Englishman in the house?" he asked; "if so, tell him a countryman desires to speak with him; he may know me perhaps, and quicken your movements."

I had remained in my room so far, but at this appeal I came out, and was met on the threshold by landlord and waiter.

"Non, Monsieur! non, Monsieur!" they exclaimed "son frère disait, ne laissez pas sortir ce fou—he is enraged—he will kill us."

"Nonsense!" I said; "give me the key. I will go in and see the gentleman who is engaged to dine with the Ambassador."

"Is there an Englishman in the house?" again shouted the unwilling occupant of his own room.

I answered the appeal by saying I was there. "Could I in any way assist him?"

"I am ——" he said.

The name he mentioned was that of the Poet Laureate himself, the very man the sight of whom Emily envied me, and whose autograph she was so desirous of possessing.

"You know my name?" he asked. "Will you be so good as to make these people open the door, or send for a blacksmith, or do something?"

"The key," I said, "does not seem forthcoming. There is some mistake. They will not give it to me, at all events."

Another volley of violence, and threats of what he would do, if he did get out, uttered with hearty English rage, did but make landlord and waiter more resolute, and a query passed through my mind whether this was the Poet Laureate, or some pretender to his name, and

whether, after all, I should be doing right in endeavouring to let him out against the wishes of his brother; but, again, if the poet himself, his indignation was indeed, justified, and how, in such a case, could I ever face Emily if I deserted him?

Thus pondering, I said, somewhat hesitatingly, "I am at a loss how to assist you."

"It is past eight," he replied. "It is almost too late now for the Ambassador's dinner," and crash came his foot again against the unyielding door.

"Will you try to force it open on your side?" he asked.

The landlord and waiters, even the landlady, now arrived on the scene of action, followed by a chambermaid or two, rushed between me and the door.

"I should be very happy to do so," I said, "if these people would allow me; but there is some mistake, and they object to my trying my strength."

Another burst of rage, and a request to send for the blacksmith.

In answer to my demand for the key the landlord shook his head. My blood was up now. The restraining hands upon my arm were exercising anything but a restraining influence, but all my efforts to reach the door were useless; for at the first intimation of my intention the landlady had flung her arms round my neck, and the chambermaids had planted themselves against the door with the evident resolve of following their mistress's example rather than yield. I was fairly out-generalled, and saw there was nothing for it but submission.

"The best thing I can do to assist you," I said, "is to fetch the police, as I cannot with any hope of success assault a landlord, two waiters, a landlady and three chambermaids."

"I thank you," said the poet. "Clearly I shall not dine with the Ambassador to-day;" and he treated his assailants to another volley of that vernacular in which irascible Englishmen on their travels expend their breath on couriers, commissioners, and gens-d'armes, with little effect beyond the satisfaction to themselves.

I made a compromise with my captors, and obtained my freedom on the condition that I would not attempt a rescue. I immediately put on my hat and started off; in less than half an hour I returned, and went up-stairs with the officer I had persuaded to accompany me. There was a lull; the poet had probably fallen into a reverie, but the landlord, landlady, and waiter, were still there. As I reached the top of the stairs, however, a gentleman passed me.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed anxiously, as he saw the group gathered there. "Where is my brother?"

The waiter rushed forward and told his story, in full confidence that his zeal was about to meet with due appreciation. He related how Monsieur wished to go out, with all his own exertions to obey Monsieur's directions and keep him at home.

A look of extreme anxiety and perplexity came over the face of the listener.

I told you to keep him at home? What do you mean? Why did you lock my brother's door? he was engaged to dine with the Ambassador."

The aggrieved waiter explained how Monsieur had specially ordered that he was not to go out.

"I?" exclaimed the new comer. "Man, you are crazy."

"There is some mistake, I think," I said, coming forward.

"No; no mistake; said the waiter, with the aggrieved air of a martyr in a just cause, who felt he had done his duty. "Did not Monsieur say, 'Ne laissez pas sortir ce fou'?"

"Of course I did; what of that?"

"I locked the door; he is there!"

"So it seems; but was that the way to obey my orders? it appears to me, on the contrary, precisely the means to laisser sortir ce fou."

The landlord and landlady looked aghast; they began to think this was the madman. I saw the mistake and came to the rescue.

"They understood you," I said, "to mean that they were to keep that gentleman in at all risks."

"Idiots!" he exclaimed, "and I told them as plainly as possible to keep the fire in; 'Ne laissez pas sortir ce feu,' what could be plainer."

"Nothing to English ears," I said, "but to French ones it had another meaning." I turned to the others.

"It was the fire," I explained to them, "not the gentleman, monsieur desired to be taken care of."

"Give me the key," said the crestfallen French scholar,

as he thanked me. He opened the door, I dismissed my assistant, and lingered a moment. The poet came forward and thanked me courteously, but briefly, for my efforts in his behalf, ineffectual as they had been. He decidedly looked a little wild, but then he had been considerably aggravated, and with good cause.

So I returned to my room, and wrote all about it to Emily, described the poet, promised to do my best to procure her the desired autograph, and told her, as I have told you, how it was that the Poet Laureate did not dine with the Ambassador.

Here is a real romance of the Harem:—Bare as are conversions from Mussulmanism to Christianity, or from the latter to Islam, yet fewer still are the instances in which the proselytes to either faith are women. One of these very exceptional cases has, however, occurred during the past week, in which the neophyte is a young Belgian girl, named Cordelier—the niece of the proprietress of a well-known English shop-in-Pera—who, despite all the popular errors as to the status of women in the Prophet's paradise, has risked everything, and gone boldly over to the faith of Mecca, for love of a seductive young Bey. For some months past she has in the habit of going frequently to harems in Stamboul to take and execute millinery orders, and in the course of these business visits appears to have made the acquaintance of the young effendi in question. The *étoile* was, we believe, entirely unknown to her aunt, who, on her sudden disappearance on Sunday-week, remained for several hours in anxious ignorance of her whereabouts. Late in the evening, however, a note from the fair runaway put an end to her relative's suspense by announcing the step she had taken, and firmly stated her determination to embrace her lover's faith in spite of every opposition. A personal interview on the following day—at the Turkish house near the At-bazaar, where she had taken sanctuary—failed to shake this resolution, and accordingly, on Tuesday, she went before the cadi, and made the first of the necessary declarations which precede formal admissions into the pale of Islam. The Belgian Legation then interfered, and later in the week the young convert—who is about nineteen years of age, and possesses the buxom personal attractions which are dear to the eyes of Eastern connoisseurs—was brought before the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in company with her national dragoman. Here again she declared her resolute purpose to abjure Christianity, in spite of all that either A'ali Pasha or the dragoman could do to urge reflection before finally committing herself to so grave a step. In view of this obstinacy, the Belgian authorities now deny her right to make the change, on the ground of non-age; and the Porte temporarily acceding to the objection, her final reception into Mussulmanism is suspended until the receipt from Brussels of specific proof of her age. The affair has been the nine days' talk of opera gossips, to most of whom the fair but foolish apostate was, by face at least, well-known. Apropos of marriage, a matrimonial paper is started with the title of *L'Echo Nuptial*. The exclusive object of the journal is to promote the connubial habits of its subscribers, and every day several columns of "Proposals" and "Wants" will be published, with the love correspondence of those who desire to carry on their courtship through the columns of public print. We suppose, instead of financial and commercial articles, they will present a daily review of the "Wife and Husband Market," announcing the various shades of complexion in favour at that time, and what colour of hair and eyes is preferable; also whether short females are likely to range "higher on 'Change," and if the supply of gentlemen of high stature is fully "up to the demand," or if the market is overstocked with them, making the prospect better for those who sell "short." Of course those in the market awaiting customers will be classified by the editor under the terms of "tall," "short," "middling," "fair," or "dark."

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M. Nigra, the Italian Minister, has made a present to the Empress Eugénie of a Venetian gondola, to navigate the calm waters of Fontainebleau. M. Nigra, besides being a diplomatist, is also a poet, and accompanied his present with a sonnet engraved in gold letters inside the gondola. The verses are said to be very well tuned—a French version has been published, of which the substance may be thus rendered:

"Christened in the stormy waters of the Adriatic, the fatal city of the Doges sends me to thee. At thy feet, fair Empress, I lay the anger, hopes, and fears of an oppressed race.

"The winged lion, erst so proud, is now in chains; the soil of St. Marc echoes to the foreigner's tramp; the faithless sea has broken the ring of our mystic nuptials; the gondoliers' lips are mute.

"The moon sadly tinges the golden domes; silent is the Laguna, and the sea without a sail; the lion slumbers yet on his bed of sea-weed—till the day of vengeance wakes him to life again.

"Woman! if the silent Emperor ever lingers on this peaceful lake, tell him that on the Adriatic shore, Venice—spoiled, naked, bleeding—suffers but lives still, and waits for the hour of her freedom."

Pastime.

ENIGMA.

I am found in the fathomless watery deep,
Where thousands of heroes now silently sleep:
In the thunder that rolls so majestic above,
And the clouds up aloft, which the light zephyrs move.
I am found in the darkness, yet strange to say,
I'm a foe to the night, but a friend to the day.
In the sun, moon, or stars I never am found,
Nor yet on our earth do I ever abound.
In the vessel that crosses the billow's foam
You'll not find me, yet oft on her decks I roam:
In all foreign lands I am well known to be,
Yet, e'er from my youth I have followed the sea.
I'm a friend to the soldier, and seen in parade,
But in battle I quit him—he needs not my aid,
Except when defeated, he then finds me out
To be of some use, though he keeps me in doubt.
At balls or large parties I care not to glance,
Yet on every occasion lead off in the dance:
Though averse to all pleasure so pure and so bright,
I'm foremost and first in the van of delight.
In Britain 'tis certain I never am found,
Yet in England and Ireland and Scotland abound.
Tho' a foe to all heresy, witchcraft, or evil,
I am, strange to say, a staunch friend to the devil.
Without me all hatred and bloodshed would cease,
And all upon earth be united in peace.
But alas! in both danger and death I am hurl'd—
The source of destruction, the end of the world.

CHARADES.

1.

Mark you poor shiv'ring wretch, who begs
His bread from door to door;
On him you'll haply see my *first*,
Then help him from your store.
My *next*'s a little article
Of daily use you'll find
Which we could not well do without
E'en though we were inclined.
My *third* the ladies can't admire,
Though of the genus man;
And yet 'tis often by them worn—
Then guess it if you can.
In looking at this charade now
Pray all your wits combine,
When you, without a doubt, may see
My *last* in every line.
Or, taking both my *third* and *last*,
You'll mark I'm oft enjoyed
To tea or breakfast ('tis a treat,
When warm, we can't deride).
Now search amid the city's throng,
Where sin and sorrow grow,
And there you'll find my *whole* among
The lowest of the low.

2 MH 65

II.
Secluded from the busy world,
The ever-bristling throng,
Sequest'red in a quiet glen,
The rural wilds among,
(Where Philomel-sweet—plaintive bird—
With notes so soft and clear,
Doth make the magic of the grove
As ev'nings shades draw near);
My *whole* there stands, whose humble roof
With ivy cover'd o'er,
A shelter doth afford my *first*,
He asks for nothing more.
No viands rare, no costly wines
Do e'er his table fill;
His fare consists of coarsest roots
And water from the rill.
He envies none—the rich, the poor,
To him are all the same,
A life of holiness he leads,
Unspotted, free from blame;
And when my *second* comes apace,
Dimming his once bright eye,
My humble *whole* he'll gladly leave
For brighter worlds on high.

III.

Ah, ne'er shall I forget the day
When to my *whole* we went;
A pic-nic party gay were we,
On fun and pleasure bent.
There was Bob Jones, my college chum,
And Kate, his destined bride,
Brown, Dumps, and dear old Fizzleskin,
And a whole host beside.
We wander'd through the forest glades,
From care and sorrow free,
And thought of nought but pleasure then,
For youthful hearts were we.
Till tired at last, beneath my *first*
Our jolly party sat.
And Jones the hamper of good fare
At once began t'unpack.
When what prospect met our view
Of fowls, pies, ices, jellies,
Also my *last*, and clear champagne
From mine host Antonelli's.
We danced and sung, and crack'd our jokes
Beneath that forest tree,
And thus did spend that happy day
With hearts brim-full of glee.
But now I am grown old and gray,
And move with tott'ring feet;
But mem'ry oft recalls that day
To recollection sweet.

REBUS.

If you from 'me a kiss receive,
And you that kiss return,
You by that act the word do give
I now demand to learn.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES ETC. IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMAS. I. "A bed;" II. A "sign;" III. "Bat."
CHARADES. I. "Outrage;" II. "House-wife;" III. "Hour-glass."
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IN THE OPERA
"LARA;"
THE LIBRETTO BY J. OXENFORD, ESQ.
THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY A. MAILLART.

The Author has been in Paris during the year, and has now achieved a
success in Her Majesty's Theatre.

		. . . 4
1.	"WIDE FAREWELL WOMAN."	
2.	"WHEN ONCE YOU COULD ONCE BACK."	Song by Miss COTTRELL 2 0
3.	"SHE IS A LADY."	Song by Mr. RENWICK 2 0
4.	"I DREAMED OF YOU."	
5.	"WANTING."	Song by Mr. G. HONEY 2 0
6.	"MY NAME IS LOUISA."	Song by Miss LOUISA PINE and Mr. SWIFT 4 0
7.	"PRINCE WOLFGANG."	Song by Miss LOUISA PINE, Miss ROMER, and Mr. SWIFT 2 0
8.	"LOVE AND SORROW."	

NOTE II.

9.	"DO YOU NOT FEEL IT IS TIME TO DRIVE AWAY SADNESS?"	Sung by Mr. SWIFT 2 0
10.	"THE NIGHT IS DARK AND LONG."	Sung by Mr. G. HONEY 2 0
11.	"TO A LADY I AM TALKING."	Sung by Miss ROMER 2 0
12.	"DRIVE AWAY SADNESS."	Song by Miss ROMER and Mr. SWIFT 4 0
13.	"WHERE THERE IS NO SORROW SORROW SHEDDING."	Song by Miss LOUISA PINE 3 0
14.	"THE GEM OF THE ENTIRE WEEK."— <i>Daily Telegraph.</i>	
15.	"LOVING."	Song by Miss LOUISA PINE and Mr. RENWICK 3 0
16.	"LOVING AND SORROW."	Song by Mr. SWIFT 3 0

NOTES.

17.	"LOVING."	Song by Miss LOUISA PINE 2 0
18.	"LOVING AND SORROW."	Song by Mr. SWIFT 2 0
19.	"SHOT I LEAVE."	" 2 0

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2.	"LOVING AND SORROW."	... 4 0
3.	"SHOT I LEAVE."	... 3 0
4.	"LOVING."	... 5 0
5.	"LOVING AND SORROW."	... 4 0
6.	"SHOT I LEAVE."	... 3 0
7.	"LOVING."	... 5 0
8.	"LOVING AND SORROW."	... each 1 0

(Clicking Song.)

APRIL

LONDON, W.

NEW YORK, WISCONSIN, NEW YORK,

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Pastime.

ENIGMA.

I am found in the fathomless watery deep,
Where thousands of heroes now silently sleep:
In the thunder that rolls so majestic above,
And the clouds up aloft, which the light zephyrs move.
I am found in the darkness, yet strange to say,
I'm a foe to the night, but a friend to the day.
In the sun, moon, or stars I never am found,
Nor yet on our earth do I ever abound.
In the vessel that crosses the billow's foam
You'll not find me, yet oft on her decks I roam:
In all foreign lands I am well known to be,
Yet, e'er from my youth I have followed the sea.
I'm a friend to the soldier, and seen in parade,
But in battle I quit him—he needs not my aid,
Except when defeated, he then finds me out
To be of some use, though he keeps me in doubt.
At balls or large parties I care not to glance,
Yet on every occasion lead off in the dance:
Though averse to all pleasure so pure and so bright,
I'm foremost and first in the van of delight.
In Britain 'tis certain I never am found,
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Tho' a foe to all heresy, witchcraft, or evil,
I am, strange to say, a staunch friend to the devil.
Without me all hatred and bloodshed would cease,
And all upon earth be united in peace.
But alas! in both danger and death I am hurl'd—
The source of destruction, the end of the world.

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His bread from door to door;
On him you'll haply see my *first*,
Then help him from your store.
My *next* 's a little article
Of daily use you'll find
Which we could not well do without
E'en though we were inclined.
My *third* the ladies can't admire,
Though of the genus man;
And yet 'tis often by them worn—
Then guess it if you can.
I looking at this charade now
Pray all your wits combine,
When you, without a doubt, may see
My *last* in every line.
Or, taking both my *third* and *last*,
You'll mark I'm oft enjoyed
To tea or breakfast ('tis a treat,
When warm, we can't deride).
Now search amid the city's throng,
Where sin and sorrow grow,
And there you'll find my *whole* among
The lowest of the low.

2 MH 65

II.

Secluded from the busy world,
The ever-bristling throng,
Sequest'red in a quiet glen,
The rural wilds among,
(Where Philomel-sweet—plaintive bird—
With notes so soft and clear,
Doth make the magic of the grove
As ev'n'g's shades draw near);
My *whole* there stands, whose humble roof
With ivy cover'd o'er,
A shelter doth afford my *first*,
He asks for nothing more.
No viands rare, no costly wines
Do e'er his table fill;
His fare consists of coarsest roots
And water from the rill.
He envies none—the rich, the poor,
To him are all the same,
A life of holiness he leads,
Unspotted, free from blame;
And when my *second* comes apace,
Dimming his once bright eye,
My humble *whole* he'll gladly leave
For brighter worlds on high.

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On fun and pleasure bent.
There was Bob Jones, my college chum,
And Kate, his destined bride,
Brown, Dumps, and dear old Fizzleskin,
And a whole host beside.
We wander'd through the forest glades,
From care and sorrow free,
And thought of nought but pleasure then,
For youthful hearts were we.
Till tired at last, beneath my *first*
Our jolly party sat.
And Jones the hamper of good fare
At once began t'unpack.
When what a prospect met our view
Of fowls, pies, ices, jellies,
Also my *last*, and clear champagne
From mine host Antonelli's.
We danced and sung, and crack'd our jokes
Beneath that forest tree,
And thus did spend that happy day
With hearts brim-ful of glee.
But now I am grown old and gray,
And move with tott'ring feet;
But mem'ry oft recalls that day
To recollection sweet.

REBUS.

If you from me a kiss receive,
And you that kiss return,
You by that act the word do give
I now demand to learn.

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**LIST OF MUSIC IN THE OPERA
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THE ENGLISH VERSION BY J. OXFORD, ESQ.
THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY A. MAILLART.**

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ACT III.

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10	ROMANCE—"TO A FAR DISTANT PAST" Sung by Miss ROMER	2	6
11	DUET—"OH! RAPTURE, JOY, BEYOND EXPRESSION"	Sung by Miss ROMER and Mr. SWIFT	4	0
12	ARAB SONG—"WHERE THE PLAINS THEIR COOLNESS SHEDDING"	Sung by Miss LOUISA PYNE	3	0
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14	FINALE (DRINKING SONG)—"WHEN LARA MARCHED" Sung by Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. RENWICK	3	0
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АСТ III.

16	CAVATINA—"FROM THAT DREAD PAST"	Sung by Miss LOUISA PYNE	2	6
17	MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE AND AIR			
18	BALLAD—"FATHER TO ME"	Sung by Mr. SWIFT	2	0
19	FINALE AND CAVATINA—"BRANDED, THIS SPOT I LEAVE"	"	2	0

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2 Chorus of Ladies.
3 The money-balls shall sing.

4 To a far distant past.
5 The Arab Song.
2 When I love marched. (Drinking Song.)

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